

MILK ♦ ♦ ♦

**An All-Important Factor
for Health and Energy**

"Drink a Quart Every Day"

Silverwood Dairies Limited

Sarnia Branch

Phone 2400

SUPERIOR PRODUCTS LIMITED

SARNIA — ONTARIO

Sheet Metal Fabricators and Jobbers

ASPHALT SHINGLES . BUILT-UP ROOFING
STEEL ROOFING . GRANARY LINING
INSULATING WOOL & INSULATING BATTS
GATES . FENCING . FENCE POSTS

SHEET METAL . SHEET METAL STAMPINGS

500 N. Front Street.

Phone 1600 - 1601

The Sarnia Board of Education

and its

Advisory Vocational Committee

**Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the
1946 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the
readers of this publication.**

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial, and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Announcement of these is made in the local press early in October.

SARNIA BOARD OF EDUCATION, 18946

J. W. Simpson—Chairman H. D. Van Horne—Vice-Chairman
W. A. Hartley, H. G. MacKinlay, F. Walker, H. E. Corey, W. E. Jennings,
W. H. Kenny, Mrs. A. W. Mills, W. A. Donohue.

ADVISORY-VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Chairman—R. L. Sands Vice-Chairman—J. E. Walterhouse
Appointed Members—T. C. Clark, H. M. English, E. W. Geddes, A. M. Welsh.
Representatives of the Board—J. W. Simpson, W. A. Hartley, H. G. MacKinlay,
F. Walker, Mrs. A. W. Mills, W. A. Donohue.

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD

Mrs. M. B. Beasley—Secretary-Treasurer
W. G. Coles—Asst. Principal, Coll. Inst. and Tech. School
Roy McAllister—Attendance Officer
Robert O'Neil—Superintendent of Schools
W. S. Pringle—Shops' Director
William Rogers—Inspector of Public Schools
Alex. Sinclair—Principal, Coll. Inst. and Tech. School
R. B. Wickett—Director of Guidance

Are You Interested in Your Community?

If so, give three suggestions as to how it can be improved and forward them to Sarnia Chamber of Commerce.

1.
2.
3.

SARNIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



SARNIA

"The Imperial City"



You are the citizens of to-morrow and the future of this city will be in your hands.

It is your duty to maintain a youthful and lively interest in civic affairs.



MAYOR

W. C. Nelson

ALDERMEN

Geo. Brydon, Paul Bradley, Jack Church, Wm. Crompton
Frank Dyer, Maurice Jeffries, Doug. Macklin, Sam Welch

FERRY DOCK TAXI

Phone **3800**

For Safe, Reliable and Courteous Transportation

Compliments of

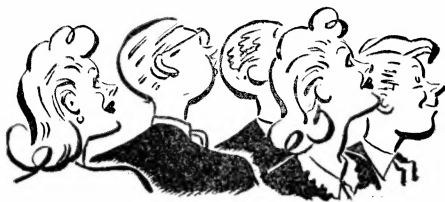
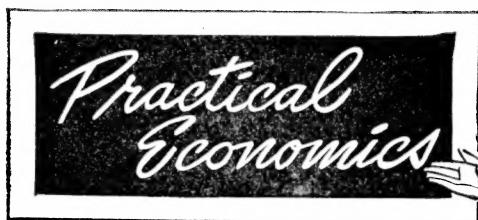
SPIERS SHEET METALS

AIR CONDITIONING

PLUMBING, HEATING and VENTILATING

157 Vidal Street S.

Phone 3555J



Whether you plan to be an artist or architect, doctor or dietitian, physicist or physiologist . . . *money management* will play a big part in the achievement of your ambition. Add "Practical Eco-

nomics" to your knowledge by handling a bank account of your own.

Even though you deal in only small amounts, the experience of handling your own account, of learning the fundamentals of banking procedure, will pay dividends in later years.

You can open an account with a dollar at your nearest B of M branch.

BANK OF MONTREAL

working with Canadians in every walk of life since 1817

Sarnia Branch: J. H. MATSON, Manager
200 North Front Street



University of Western Ontario

LONDON, CANADA

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO, LONDON was established in 1878. It is coeducational. It has three Faculties (Arts & Science, Medicine and Public Health); there are seven affiliated colleges. The University offers a number of special courses, i.e., Business Administration, Secretarial Science, Electronics, etc. Its Physical Education and Athletic programme are outstanding.

Write for further information regarding entrance requirements, scholarships, loan funds, tuition fees, living expenses, and other information.

THE REGISTRAR.

Mr. Ritchie (mournfully): My hair is falling out. Have you anything to keep it in?

Druggist's Assistant: Here you are—a nice cardboard box.

YOUTH

*Only age looks backward. Youth's smiling gaze
is fixed upon the future.*

Despite the troublous times and the towering problems that have come with peace, Canadian Youth stands confident.

The management and staff of the Bank of Toronto seek to assist the youth of today toward the success of tomorrow. The Officers of the Bank of Toronto want to help — and they invite young men and women to consult them in financial matters.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Incorporated 1855

W. J. SIMPSON, Manager

SARNIA BRANCH



Queen's University

KINGSTON

ONTARIO

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1841

Situated in the oldest city in Ontario; 34 buildings; normal registration about 4500; health insurance provided during sessions.

DEGREE COURSES in Arts, Commerce, Applied Science, Medicine, and Nursing Science.

Matriculation Pamphlet sent on request includes a complete list of scholarships and prizes awarded on entrance and on University work.

EXTRAMURAL WORK in Arts and Commerce up to four courses yearly. It is possible to get a pass degree in Arts or to complete three years of an Honours Course through extramural and Summer School study.

ASK FOR A COPY OF QUEEN'S IN PICTURES

McWatters: I've got the most wonderful family tree.

Taylor: What are you—the sap?

Compliments of

SARNIA CITY DAIRY LIMITED

BETTER DAIRY PRODUCTS

320 Talfourd Street

Phone 3080

Compliments of

LEWIS CLEANERS

105 S. Victoria Street

Phone 51

111 Stuart Street

Phone 950

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Over a Century of Banking Service

Capital and Reserves — \$36,000,000

W. C. McKinnon, Manager

Sarnia Branch

Compliments of

BOWMAN ANTHONY LTD.

WINDSOR — SARNIA — CHATHAM

*WHOLESALE AUTOMOTIVE AND
GARAGE EQUIPMENT*

Sarnia

Phone 220 - 221

Thompson: I'd like to get a book.

Librarian: Something light or heavy?

Bob: Doesn't matter, I have a car outside.



ESTABLISHED 1905

Musical Merchandise

**Including Such Famous Lines as —*

Holton and Collegiate Band Instruments — Slingerland Drums —
Harmony and Stewart Guitars — Buffet, Noblet, Cundy-Bettoney,
Woodwinds — Mouthpieces by Holton, Selmer, Brillhart, Otto Link,
Woodwind — Artist Electric Guitars — Bugles and Trumpets —
Reeds by Conrad, Symmetricut, My Masterpiece, Martin Freres,
Popularie — Selmer & Endurro Plastic Reeds — Black Diamond,
Bell, Kaplan Strings — Music & Orchestra Stands — Accessories
for all instruments.

**Sorry we do not have in stock NOW all items listed, but
we are dealers of these high quality products.*

— STUDENTS' MUSIC CENTRE —

THE J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO.

57 Queen St. E.

Toronto, Ontario

Compliments of

**CITIES
BUS SERVICES
LIMITED**



**The
Joe Griffith Shop**

Opp. City Hall

*Linens — Hosiery
Lingerie — Gloves*

**Ferguson - Brodie
SHOE SHOP**

*Smart Shoes for Men
and Women*

Opp. City Hall

Phone 631

**BARRON'S
FLOWER SHOP**

*Greeting Cards
Flowers for All Occasions*

177 N. Front St.

Sarnia

PHONE 48

Compliments of
**CHAMBERS
BARBER SHOP**

FRONT STREET

While on K.P. preparing the morning eggs, the soldier wrote his girly:
"Dearest: As I write you this morning shells are bursting all around me—"

Compliments of

PURITY DAIRY

Visit Our Dairy Bar

199 N. Victoria Street

PHONE 1268

—George W. Phillips

"Your Friendly Furniture Store Since 1916"

LAMPEL & ZIERLER

Phone 991

135 N. Front St.

**ROBERTSON'S
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES**

207 N. Christina St.

Sarnia

Phone 665

Compliments of . . .



GOODWIN HARRIS & COMPANY

Stock Brokers and Bond Dealers

TORONTO, ONT.

SARNIA, ONT.

Members:

The Toronto Stock Exchange

The Vancouver Stock Exchange

Canadian Commodity Exchange Inc.

PRIVATE WIRES

185 Front St. N., Sarnia

Roger Wilson, Mgr.

Phone 3630

NEWS FLASH—"Young girl in court swears she has never been kissed"

That's enough to make any young girl swear.

HEADQUARTERS IN SARNIA FOR

*C.C.M. BICYCLES, SKATES AND SPORT EQUIPMENT
OF ALL KINDS*

THE SARNIA SPORT SHOP

"It Pays to Play"

Phone 1048

FAMILY

LAUNDERERS — DRY CLEANERS

SARNIA

PHONE 15

Davis at Vidal

Manufacturing Furriers Since 1910—Repairing, Remodeling, Relining Our Specialty
Fur Storage in Fireproof Vaults on Premises

FOR BEST VALUE IN **WESTERN FUR CO.**
QUALITY FURS — Visit

E. M. SHAPIRO, Mgr.
Sarnia Branch 135 N. Front St.—4 doors N. of Wolf's Phone 218

THE KING MILLING CO.

For best results use King's WHITE SATIN flour for pastry and BONNIE DOON
flour for Bread.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Invites and Welcomes Your Business

Capital and Reserves — \$60,000,000

Front and Lochiel Streets
Sarnia Branch

J. F. GILLESPIE
Manager

He: What would you do if I kissed you on the forehead?

Se: I'd call you down.

Best Wishes

SARNIA THEATRES



**ODEON
IMPERIAL**

**CAPITOL
PARK**

COMPLIMENTS

... OF ...

**ELECTRIC
AUTO-LITE
Limited**



CHESTER'S GARAGE

C. G. Sandercock, Prop.

*Expert Repairs on All Makes
of Cars*

Compliments of

NEW SARNIA FISH AND CHIP

104 S. Christina Street

Phone 422

COLONIAL COFFEE SHOP

Home Cooked Meals

156 N. Christina Street

E. M. Dalziel, Mgr.

Compliments of

A&H BAR-B-Q

103 N. Christina St.

Bob: Gosh, I'm sure I failed in that History test to-day.

Barford: I thought you had the answers on your cuff?

Nicholson: I have, but this is my Checistry shirt.

All the Latest
**RCA VICTOR
RECORDS**



★
**Come In and Hear Your
Favourite Number**

★
UNITED SERVIC

NEXT TO INDUSTRIAL BANK



BARGE'S

— CLEANERS —

3 Lines to Central
PHONE 2500

SARNIA

George W. D. Barge

Compliments
of

UNION GAS CO.
OF CANADA
LTD.

Phone 1705

Walt Murray: I've never seen such dreamy eyes before.
Marjorie Anderson: You never stayed so late before.

Compliments of



DISTRIBUTED IN SARNIA BY
HAMBLY'S BEVERAGES

*Compliments
of*

**SAMUEL
LAMPEL
& SONS**

241 S. Christina
Sarnia



Penguin

**Arctic Fish Fry
Chicken on a Bun**

2¼ Miles on Blue Water
Highway to Penguin Club

Nona M.: I don't see how football players ever get clean.

Keith Stoner: Don't be silly. What do you think the scrub team is for?

F. N. PRENTICE

Fine Foods — Low Prices

**GROCERIES, MEATS
FRUITS & VEGETABLES**

296 S. Mitton St. Phone 1626

**TAYLOR'S
Furniture Store**

*Furniture - Rugs - Radios
Lamps - House Furnishings*

140 N. Christina St. Phone 1511

**STRANGWAY'S
CLOTHES SHOP**

Home of

**Kenwood
Overcoats**

**AUTHENTIC
SCHOOL INSIGNIA
RINGS AND PINS**

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Birks - Ellis - Ryrie
George at Temperance Toronto

COMPLIMENTS

... OF ...

H O L M E S
F O U N D R Y
Company, Limited



SARNIA, ONTARIO

Getting Back to Normal . .

Our Post-War Catalogue is now
in production.

Place Your Name on ur mailing
list now.

**MEDALS — TROPHIES — CRESTS
INSIGNIA JEWELRY, Etc.**

Trophy Craft Limited

102 LOMBARD ST.

TORONTO, ONT.

Marg: Cruickshanks (in store): Can I stick this wallpaper on myself?
Clerk: Yes miss, but it will look better on the wall.

OUR DUTY . .

Canada played a most important part in the war. The exploits of our soldiers, sailors and airmen will not soon be forgotten. No country need be prouder of its war record than ours. However, we must not rest on our laurels; the problems of peace are at least as pressing as those of the war. It is the duty of every citizen to vote intelligently and take a keen interest in his country's affairs. By so doing, we will construct a capable, efficient government which will play its part in promoting world peace.

THE R. STIRRETT COMPANY

**WE ARE
SPECIAL AGENTS
FOR**

**DOMINION
SALES BOOKS**
CANADA'S FINEST

Sold to _____
Vendor # _____

Phone 4-1116 Amount forwarded
Master Agent _____

| | |
|----|--|
| 1 | |
| 2 | |
| 3 | |
| 4 | |
| 5 | |
| 6 | |
| 7 | |
| 8 | |
| 9 | |
| 10 | |
| 11 | |
| 12 | |

MANUFACTURED BY
*Consolidated
Specialties Limited*

WILSON'S PAPER SUPPLIES
506 North Christina St. Phone 1521

Papa Gnu: Well, mama, how did the children behave to-day?
Mama Ditto: I've got good gnus for you to-night.

W. H. TRICKER
"QUALITY" GROCERIES
PROVISIONS - FRUITS
FRESH AND CURED MEATS

242 Wellington St. Phone 978

**MODERN
CLEANERS**
Hygienic Cleaning
— 2-Day Service —

PHONE 2448
116 N. Christina St.

Victoria College

in the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Founded by Royal Charter in 1836 "for the general education of youth in the various branches of Literature and Science on Christian Principles."

As one of the Federated Colleges in the Faculty of Arts of the University of Toronto, Victoria College enrolls students in all courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce and preparatory to admission to the schools of Graduate Studies, Divinity, Education, Law and Social Work.

In the Annesley Hall Women's Residences and Wymilwood, accommodation is available for women students of Victoria College. In the Victoria College Residences, accommodation is available for men students of the College.

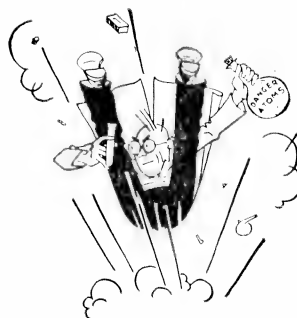
**For full information, including calendars and bulletins,
apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.**

Loony: Gonna be busy to-night?

Barb Gray: I don't know—it's my first date with him.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE *Scientist?*

It pays to experiment—when you know what you are doing. If you don't, you are due for unpleasant surprises. Of one thing you can be certain. No matter what your future calling may be, careful money management can mean much to your peace of mind, enabling you to concentrate on making a success of your calling. A good way to acquire the habit of thrift is to open a savings account now, even though deposits may be modest at first. We welcome your account.



THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

H. T. ROSS Jr., Manager

McMaster University

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Students in High Schools and Collegiates to-day realize that entrance into University during the next two or three years is a privilege to be granted only to those whose present achievements give promise of continued application to the pursuit of knowledge. It is therefore to be expected that the usual keen competition for the valuable entrance scholarships to McMaster will be keener than ever this year.

Plan Work Apply

For one of the

Twelve Entrance Scholarships

Six each of \$700.00 value

Six each of \$650.00 value

Beggar: How about a dime for a cup of coffee?

Hank Henry: Gee, thanks, I sure could use it. I'm broke.

Compliments

. . of . .

G. A. KENNEDY

Dry Goods

173 N. Front Street

PHONE 240



Compliments

. . of . .

CANADA

BREAD

CO. LTD.



**C. E. MacLean's
Music and Electric
Store**

182 N. Victoria St.
Phone 808

PIANOS - RADIOS
AND ALL APPLIANCES

Expert Service

Phone 737

256 Davis St.

**SARNIA SASH
AND DOOR
CO.**

*Manufacturers of
and Dealers in*
**ALL KINDS OF DOORS
SASH, FRAMES, TRIM
MASONITE
and
BUILT-IN APPLIANCES**

Daphne N.: Sweetheart, if I'd known that tunnel was that long I'd have given you a kiss.

L.S.: Gracious! Wasn't that you?

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME
... at ...

Parsons' Gift Shoppe

Direct Importers

179 N. Front Sarnia, Ont.

For Over Forty Years Dependable
Quality and Service

CLEMENT DRUGS

189 FRONT ST.

**Films - Developing - Printing
Quality Work**

Let Us Fill Your Prescription

MEYERS STUDIOS

*Largest Photographic Organ-
ization in the British Empire*

COAST TO COAST

133 N. Front St. Tel. 3422
J E. Sullivan

**CHAMBERS
ELECTRIC CO.**

*Westinghouse Appliance
Dealer*

Phone 263 221 N. Front St.

COMPLIMENTS

... OF ...

SARNIA BRIDGE
CO., LIMITED
SARNIA • CANADA



HOTEL VENDOME

*Overlooking the
Beautiful St. Clair River*

*FEATURING
FINE FOOD*

PHONE 3200

G. B. Macfarlane, Prop.

Compliments

. . of . .

THE SARNIA ELEVATOR COMPANY LIMITED



Sarnia, Ontario

Reg. S.: Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man.

Donna S.: Well, don't try to win a halo in one night.

WILSON'S SERVICE MARKET

BRIGHT'S GROVE

Fresh and Cured Meats
Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables

*A Complete Shopping Centre
for Your Vacation Days*

Visit Our New and Well-Equipped
LUNCH ROOM

Two Blocks North of Petrolia
Water Works
BRIGHT'S GROVE

.. TRY ..

CHAPMAN'S

**Loose Leaf
Note Books**

Designed

"FOR BETTER WORK"

By . . .

THE CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.
London, Canada

**We Like
to Know**

**What
YOU
are doing**

This is YOUR daily newspaper . . . tell us about your sports, your parties, your studies. We're interested in you and so is all Sarnia. ANYTHING which happens in S.C.I. & T.S. is live NEWS. We'll print it!

And, congratulations on your splendid record of scholastic and athletic achievements. Indeed, we are proud of you and the staff.

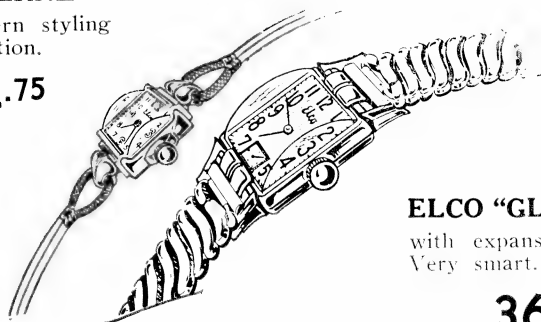
**Canadian
Observer**

Elco WATCHES

"MODERNE

Ultra modern styling
and distinction.

24.75



ELCO "GLANFORD"

with expansion bracelet.
Very smart. Guaranteed.

36.75

W. J. MILLER

154 N. FRONT ST.

PHONE 236

Comment heard in passing a group of boys: I like a girl with a good figure
—either physical or financial.

Compliments of

Sarnia Automobile Dealers Association

F. G. GALBRAITH
Dodge and DeSoto
Dodge Trucks

W. J. KOEHLER
Plymouth and Chrysler
 Fargo Trucks

ST. CLAIR MOTORS OF SARNIA, LTD.
Chevrolet, Oldsmobile
Maple Leaf Trucks

LAMBTON MOTORS LTD.
Ford and Mercury
Ford Trucks

IMPERIAL CITY MOTORS
Packard and Hudson
International Trucks

GENUINE PARTS AND APPROVED CAR AND TRUCK SERVICE

MUELLER ***LIMITED***

Craftsmen
in Brass

SARNIA

— CANADA

Compliments of

C. KEITH WHITE

PLUMBING, HEATING, SHEET METAL WORK
IRON FIREMAN STOKERS

COMPLIMENTS

.. OF ..

The John Goodison Thresher Co. Limited
S A R N I A O N T A R I O C A N A D A

Canada's 7-out-of-10 Typewriter Choice

UNDERWOOD

Built in Canada by

Underwood Limited

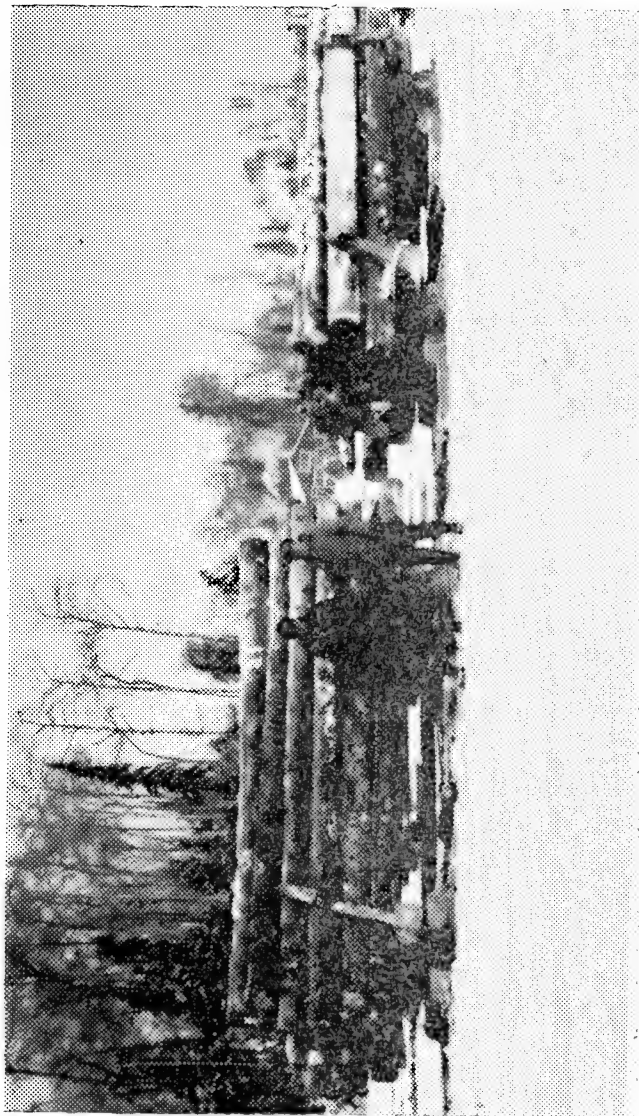
Joseph L. Seitz, President

Branches in all Canadian Cities



NEW and USED TYPEWRITERS - REBUILTS - RENTALS - SERVICE - SUPPLIES

WINTER SCENE IN ONE OUR LOGGING CAMPS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO



Compliments of

LAILAW, BELTON LUMBER CO. LIMITED

PHONE 900

SARNIA

Compliments of

THE

Roselawn Tourist Home

245 London Road

SARNIA — ONTARIO

PHONE 210

* Wm. J. Short

Jean H. Short

1920 — 1946

First Former: If I kiss you, will anyone be the wiser?
Bernice Mott: That depends on how much you know about kissing.

Compliments of

MACKENZIE, MILNE & CO., LIMITED

FRONT STREET

SARNIA

142 Cromwell Street

Phone 2835

WILSON'S MUSIC STORE

WILSON
BICYCLES

We specialize in Music and Musical Instruments
For Teachers and Professional Musicians

MODEL
AEROPLANES

SARNIA TIRE AND BATTERY SERVICE

Your B. F. GOODRICH Dealer

BILL GRAHAM, Prop.

Retreading — Vulcanizing — Repairs — Road Service

126 S. Mitton Street

Phone 1219

COMPLIMENTS

.. OF ..

**The Moto Meter
Company of Canada
Limited**



AFFILIATED WITH ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE

Dresses - Coats - Suits

IF YOU WEAR 16½ to 52½



Compliments of

RICHMOND SHOPPE

IN LONDON
396-398 Richmond Street

IN SARNIA
143 Lochiel Street

A chip on the shoulder is a good indication of wood higher up.

Compliments of

THE CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Compliments of

TOM McRAE'S BARBER SHOP

191 N. MITTON STREET

ANDY'S COFFEE SHOPPE

— *Excellent Service and the Best of Food* —

116 N. CHRISTINA STREET

PHONE 230

For the Best in Refrigeration . . .

BUY UNIVERSAL COOLER — HOUSEHOLD AND COMMERCIAL

McKAY ELECTRIC SERVICE

Phone 512W12

Lake Road

At Young's
the ACCENT
is on YOUTH



Glamour Pins
for the Younger Set

Dependable Watches
for the Sportsman's Needs



Young's
DIAMOND
MERCHANTS

Imperial Theatre Bldg.

STORES IN LONDON, KITCHENER, TORONTO

The history of pharmacy reaches back into antiquity.

It is our aim and pride to follow the honoured traditions of this noble profession with up-to-date knowledge, accuracy and the purest of drugs.



This group of 16th and 17th century Flemish and Dutch drug jars, mortars, weights, etc., is part of a collection on display in our pharmacy.

Williams' Pharmacy

LLOYD T. WILLIAMS, Phm.B.

Mitton at Essex

Sarnia

Boring Speaker in Assembly: When I was born over in the Balkans they shot off a cannon.
Student in the back row: Too bad they missed.

GEORGIAN SHOPPE

Ice Cream Sodas, Sundaes and
Milk Shakes
Tobaccos, School Supplies
Greeting Cards and Magazines

PHONE 2916 OPP. HOSPITAL

CLARKE'S CHINA SHOPPE

- FINE CHINA
- CRYSTAL
- SILVER
- GIFT GOODS

144 N. Front St.

Sarnia

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

Total Assets Exceed \$300,000,000

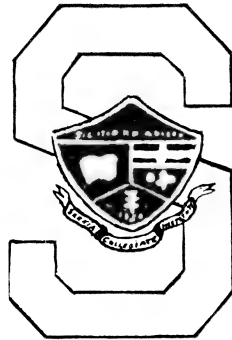
Branches Throughout Canada

Donald S. Hunter, Manager Sarnia Branch

The
COLLEGIATE

1946

31st Annual Edition



PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PRESENT STUDENTS
AND FORMER STUDENTS OF THE SARNIA COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

OUR MOTTO:
SIC ITER AD ASTRA



OUR COLORS:
BLUE AND WHITE



In recognition of his outstanding services during his many years at the school and in appreciation of his constant and unfailing support of every activity, whether academic, literary or athletic, we respectfully dedicate this publication of the Collegiate to

MR. W. J. SOUTHCOMBE

*Head of the Department of Classics
Valuable WOSSA Executive
Sincere Friend*



LAST WORDS OF THE EDITOR

This year we have succeeded in producing the "Collegiate" later than intended. Whatever the cause, we will not assume full responsibility for we feel that the pupils have themselves to blame as well. The fact should be kept in mind that this is a school magazine, made possible by co-operation and contributions. Do not expect the staff to write all the material or you will find the magazine sadly lacking in originality. We must confess, however, that a certain amount of delay was caused by the loss of all of our photographic plates in a fire which completely destroyed a Toronto Engraving Company. The present day congestion in printing companies also makes it very difficult to have a publication of this sort printed.

There is one thing I should like to suggest as a means of avoiding the last minute rush which has been characteristic of this publication since its inauguration. It is that the organization of the staff for the magazine should be made earlier in the school year. By doing this a record of school activities could be more easily kept and the students unhampered by examinations would be able to make a better effort in contributing. Details could be more efficiently dealt with and the work, begun at an early date, would be gradually accomplished without that disorganized attempt of the last week. If this were done the material could be organized and completed, ready for printing, without throwing too much work on the few in the last days of the term.

Nevertheless, we feel that the 1946 "Collegiate" will maintain, if not excell, the high standard set by previous publications.

—JIM BRUNTON

THANK YOU

The success of this year book reflects the diligence and splendid co-operation of the Collegiate Editorial Staff, and of the Staff Advisors. To credit them individually would be impractical. Therefore, as the Editors, we thank you collectively for the many hours of work that you have devoted to the production of this magazine.

STAFF CHANGES

In this, our first post war year, we welcome back many of those who left us several years ago to serve in the armed forces. We welcome them and hope that their futures may be prosperous.

In this group are Mr. Durnford and Mr. Fielding, who left us several years ago.

We also welcome Miss Wilton, who had been on leave of absence because of illness. Miss Wilson joined the Staff in January, assisting Miss Ramsden in the gymnasium.

Mr. Little and Mr. Wickett have completed their first year here, Mr. Little assisting in the Grade Nines, while Mr. Wickett opened our new Guidance Department.



MISS WALKER
Advisor



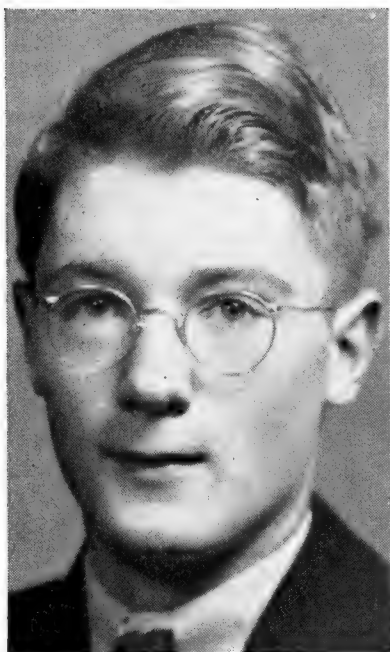
MR. TREITZ
Advisor



SHIRLEY SMITH



ALEX. GRAY
Business Manager



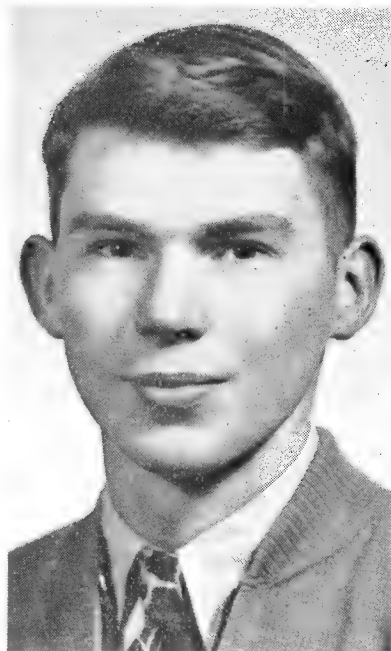
EDWARD BAGLEY



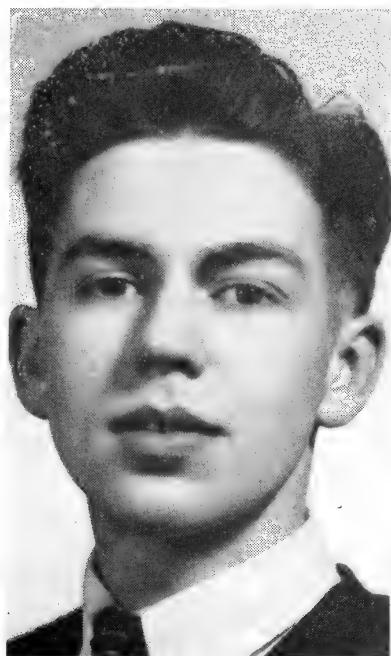
HELEN PASSMORE



MARY JEAN ARMSTRONG



MIKE TURNER



RALSTON ANNAND



MAXINE PALMER

EDITORIAL STAFF

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| LITERARY ACTIVITIES | Ralston Annand |
| GIRLS' SPORTS | Joan Cowan |
| ART | Joyce Barton, Betty Byrns |
| SCIENCE | Edward Bagley |
| HUMOUR | Bernice Freidman, Norma Ferguson, Mary Jamieson, Jim Brunton |
| ALUMNI | Margaret Beaton, Doris Wilkins |
| TRAVEL | Bernice Freidman, Margot Lusby |
| EXCHANGES | Jean Macpherson |
| POETRY | Pat Norsworthy |
| LITERATURE | Shirley Smith |
| SOCIAL ACTIVITIES | Evelyn Aiken |
| BOYS' SPORTS | Mike Turner |



EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row (left to right)—Ev. Aiken, Joan Cowan, Bet Byrns, Norma Ferguson.
 Middle Row (left to right)—Bill Wilkinson, Doris Wilkins, Pat Hartley, Mary Jamieson,
 Pauline Wray, Doug. Shank.
 Front Row (left to right)—Pat Norsworthy, Marguerite Cruikshank, Bernice Freidman,
 Fran Whitnell, Joy Barton.

EDITORIAL BOARD

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| LITERARY ACTIVITIES | Ralston Annand |
| GIRLS' SPORTS, ART | Mary Jean Armstrong |
| SCIENCE | Edward Bagley |
| HUMOUR, PHOTOGRAPHY | Jim Brunton |
| ALUMNI, TRAVEL | Maxine Palmer |
| EXCHANGES, POETRY | Helen Passmore |
| LITERATURE, SOCIAL ACTIVITIES | Shirley Smith |
| BOYS' SPORTS | Mike Turner |

BUSINESS MANAGER

Alex. Gray

ADVERTISING STAFF

Lyall Smith, Willis Jacques, Jack Wright, Melvin Cohen, Janet Helliwell, Ralph Barford, Hugh Helliwell, Doug. Shanks, Carol McIntyre, John Bradley, Pauline Slater, Mary Jane Pembleton, Alex. Gray, Ann Cowan, Mary Lucas, Doug. Marriott.

**BUSINESS STAFF**

Back Row (left to right)—Lyall Smith, Willis Jacques, Jack Wright.

Middle Row (left to right)—Melvin Cohen, Janet Helliwell, Ralph Barford, Hugh Helliwell, Doug. Shanks, Carol McIntyre, John Bradley.

Front Row (left to right)—Pauline Slater, Mary Jane Pembleton, Alex. Gray, Ann Cowan, Mary Lucas.



The Principal Speaks

On coming to Sarnia I received a warm welcome from the Board of Education, the Staff, and the students. Such a welcome is inspiring and highly appreciated.

Mr. Asbury, your former Principal, left a well-organized school. He will be missed by many. Your one consolation is that he has been honoured by a promotion to High School Inspector so that his talents serve the students of the whole province rather than a comparatively smaller group in the City of Sarnia.

World War II is over. It was a triumph of the spirit of man over brute force. Many of our boys have gone overseas to fight for what we believe to be right. Most of them have returned, but some have been laid to rest in foreign lands. There will be vacant chairs around the family fire-side, and our hearts go out to bereaved relatives and friends. We must cherish the memory of our dead and make sure that such a sacrifice shall never be demanded again.

We live in a wonderful country with an abundance of natural resources which is the envy of less fortunate nations. We are an industrious people. Our country has a great future. It will be the centre of air travel between the three great countries: United States, Great Britain and Russia. It has had a great war record. Many scientific discoveries have been made during the war and will be made in the days that lie ahead. It is your country to use and develop as you choose. Are you prepared for the great heritage that is yours? Are you worthy to be a citizen of this great country?

You have a well equipped school. You have a staff of highly skilled teachers who not only present their lessons in an interesting fashion but who, by their kindly understanding, give you an appreciation of the finer things of life. Are you making the most of your opportunities?

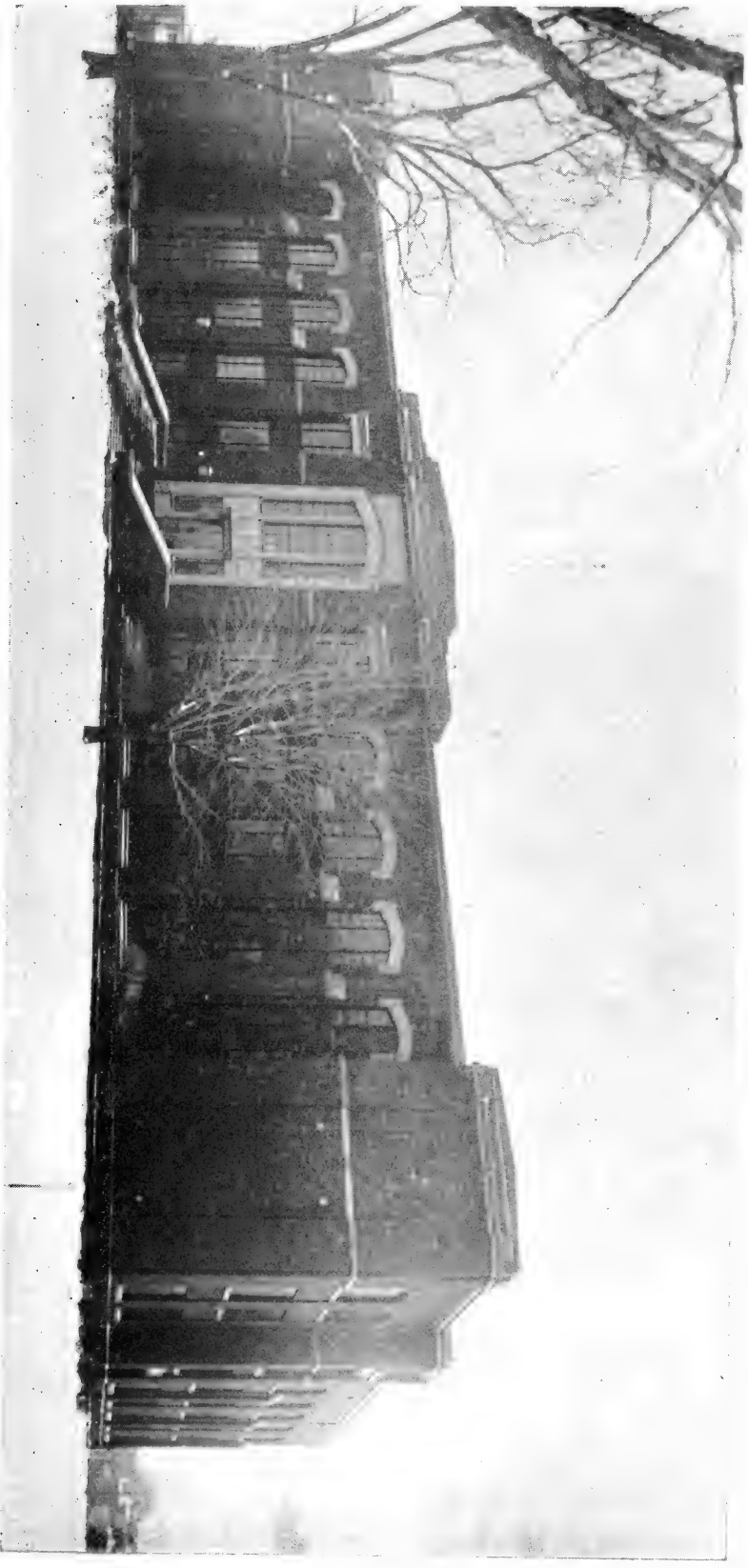


TEACHING STAFF OF SARNIA COLLEGIATE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 1945-46

Back Row (left to right)—Mr. Watson, Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Doblains, Mr. Feilding, Mr. Passmore, Mr. Sperling, Mr. Newell, Mr. Asker, Mr. Hawley, Mr. Graham, Mr. Burns, Mr. Helson, Mr. Billingsley.

Middle Row (left to right)—Mr. Johnson, Miss Wilton, Mr. Little, Miss Wilson, Mr. Bond, Miss Weir, Mr. Marcy, Miss Halliday, Mr. Fullerton, Miss Howden, Mr. Langan, Miss Burris, Mr. Dennis, Miss MacDonald.

Front Row (left to right)—Miss Heasman, Miss Welman, Mr. Wickett, Mr. O'Donohue, Mr. Scutcombe, Miss Harris, Miss Martin, Mr. Snelley, Miss Walker, Miss Taylor, Mr. Treitz, Mr. Coles, Mr. Pringle, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Ramsden.



THE SARINIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

Staff of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School

1946 - 1947

ALEX. SINCLAIR, M.A., PRINCIPAL

Earl G. Asker, B.Sc. in E.E.
A. Donald Billingsley, B.A.
Russell A. Bond, B.A.
Kenneth Burns
Mae N. Burris, B.A.
William G. Coles, B.A., Ed.M.,
Asst. Principal
Ora C. Dennis, B.A.
Robert Dobbins
Langston E. Durnford, B.A.
E. Lloyd Fielding, B.A.
Verner Fullerton, B.A.
Reginald H. Garbett
Herbert W. Graham, B.A.
J. Maude Halliday, B.A.
Mary A. Harris, B.A.
J. George Hawley
Mary C. Heasman, M.A.
George A. Helson
Sarah E. Howden, B.A.
J. Earl Johnston, B.A.
Ruth L. Kitching, B.H.Sc.
Leo V. Langan, B.A.
Marie E. LaPiere, B.A.
Bruce K. Little, B.A.

Eileen E. McDonald, B.Com.
Janet E. McLaughlin, B.A.
Rhea D. McRoberts, B.A.
Earl G. Marcy, B.A.
Jean E. Martin, B.A.
A. Ranulfo Mendizabal, B.A.
Leonard G. Newell, B.A.
Frank E. O'Donohue, B.A.
Fred Passmore
William S. Pringle, Shops Director
Jessie H. Ramsden, B.A.
W. Douglas Ritchie, B.A.
William J. Southcombe, B.A.
Herman M. Sperling, B.Mus.
May Taylor, B.A.
Ernest L. Treitz, B.A.
Jane W. Walker, B.A.
Norman M. Watson, B.A.
M. Frances Weir, B.A.
Phyllis M. Welman
Ralph B. Wickett, B.A.,
Director of Guidance
Catherine C. Wilson, B.A.
Jean B. Wilton, B.A.

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Hazel M. Brown

Frank J. Payne

BAND AND ORCHESTRA DIRECTOR

William E. Brush

SCHOOL SECRETARY

Mary B. Beasley

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES

Rhoda Middleton

Helen Rodey

Anna Mae Brain

Noreen Clysdale



EDITOR—*Jean Macpherson*

WATSONIAN—Watson College, Edinburgh, Scotland. It was very interesting to receive a magazine from a Scotch prep school.

ACADIA ANTHENAËUM—Wolfville, N.S. We especially liked your Free Speech section.

SILHOUETTE—Published weekly by the student body of McMaster University.

THE ARCHER—Galt Collegiate. Your "Hot Nooz" was very original.

THE BUGLE—Calgary, Alberta. Your magazine was among the best we received, and your humour section—

If little Red Ridinghood lived today,
The modern girl would scorn her,
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner.

LAMPADION—Delta Collegiate, Hamilton. An all round good magazine.

TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto. Again this year an excellent magazine.

ROBUR—Lawrence Park Collegiate, Toronto. Very good magazine with a number of fine pictorial sections.

NORTHLAND—North Bay, Ontario. General make-up of magazine splendid, but would suggest you enlarge your humour section.

TRUMPETEER—Hamilton, Ontario. Your public school magazine puts many high school publications to shame. Keep up the good work!

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for certainty that all his children are going to the dogs.

Correspondence



Brantford, February 28, 1946

Dear Maxine:

It was very nice of you to ask me to write something for your magazine about our school, better known as the B. C. I. & V. S. This school is much older than the S. C. I. and has approximately 1,300 students.

There are several active clubs between its walls. We have a Glee Club of over 90, Badminton Club, French Club for Seniors, Rifle Club, Current History and International Christian Club just to mention a few. The main organization is "Tesa." "Tesa" looks after all school expenses and activities, including athletics, lost articles, etc., so you can understand how work club members do. I suppose your Student Council is about the same.

B. C. I. also boasts of two Hi-Y Clubs—one for senior girls and one for senior boys. There are about 35 members in each club. We hold a meeting every week on Wednesday nights from 6 to 8 at the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. respectively. These meetings are very interesting as well as educational. We have had discussions, speakers and movies. About once a month the two clubs meet for a banquet, discussion, or a dance.

Friday nights the Collegiate Club has a gala time at the Y. M. C. A. where dancing, swimming, bowling, ping-pong and a coke bar are enjoyed by more than 400 members. The Century Club holds a dance every Saturday night in the Y. W. C. A. to the tune of local orchestras. This Club is not for students only but there is an age limit. Members only are admitted to both of these clubs. A bulletin has been published recently and will be sent to members of both clubs every week. It will tell about the past and future doings of both clubs and also some Hi-Gossip.

We all had a gay time at the only formal of the year, held on Christmas night. Tea Dances are about the only "Hops" ever held in the school. Every few weeks Tesa puts on a Tea Dance on a Wednesday afternoon. Juniors and Seniors flock to one of the gyms and dance to melodious strains of the latest records. I can say we dance hungrily and mean it because while we are enjoying ourselves dancing, the teachers also are enjoying themselves drinking tea and eating luscious food which we can't touch.

Every Tuesday morning we have an Assembly, but since our auditorium isn't large enough to hold all the students, our class only has Assembly once every three weeks.

Our newest and latest activity in the school is Hi-Spots, a radio programme which started on February 10 and will be broadcast every week until the end of the school year. If you can get CKBC Brantford on your radio, listen in some Monday night at 8.30.

We too have a magazine, known as "Hello," and are busy working on it now. I wish you every success with yours this year and hope I shall be able to get a copy.

Sincerely,

Helen Carmichael, former S.C.I. Pupil.



EDITOR—*Pat Norsworthy*

Prize—"HAVE YOU?" by Deirdre Dunseith

HAVE YOU?

Have you seen a sunset
Over a sweet curved bough,
Clothed in spring's blossoms?
Have you?

Have you seen a rose
In the morning, pearly with dew,
Clinging close to a stone wall?
Have you?

Have you seen a quiet twilight,
With night silently creeping through
the trees
And echoing with the last bird call?
Have you?

Have you seen a child
Playing in the sun, laughing happily,
Picking buttercups, where buttercups
are weeds?

Have you?

If you have seen these things
And thought of God, vaguely perhaps,
No matter how, then you have glimpsed heaven
Even before death.

—Deirdre Dunseith, IIA



INFORMATION PLEASE!

'Most every other book you read
And every other verse
Holds forth upon some theme of love,
A blessing, or a curse.

We read of joy and broken hearts,
Of agony and bliss.
Oh! how the author strains his pen
In description of a kiss!

I've read uncounted books and poems,
But still I never know
Exactly what this state is like.
How do you find a beau?

If it is all the writers say,
(And who am I to doubt it?)
I'll join another Readers' Guild
And read some more about it!

Ruth Hawley, 12A

NIGHTFALL

Night comes when the sun goes down
 And all the earth is at rights,
 While darkness falls like a murky gown
 And covers the earth's bright sights.

When darkness comes, it brings a peace
 And a quiet solemn space,
 When turning wheels their noises cease,
 And silence rules with grace.

When families gather 'fore the hearth
 To talk and reminisce,
 And lovers strilling o'er the turf
 Stop now and then to kiss.

And then no sound, no stirring;
 The whole world now is still.
 The wind sends leaves a-scurrying;
 The fairies dance on the hill.

—Virginia Miller, 11-A.



A POEM???

Each afternoon in period eight,
 You read a poem to appreciate
 A sonnet, lyric, carol, ballad,
 All mixed up like a cabbage salad.

"Lord Thomas said a word in jest"—
 A guy like him is just a pest!
 You read and write of what he did—
 That poem was written by a kid.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."
 This lyric really takes the cake.
 To read this junk hurts to the core
 'Til you quote the Raven "Never-
 more."

To read the poetry's not so bad.
 It's writing the story that makes
 you sad.
 You write its history, setting, theme,
 Diction, language—what a dream!

But why discuss another guy?
 There's really none so bad as I!
 So before I get to be a bore
 I'll close my book and write no
 more.

—Don Guthrie, 13-A.

SECURITY

The logs blaze up, a cheery glow
 Lights every face about the room;
 Outside the wind is raging now,
 But here our fire dispels the gloom.

The solid house protects us well
 From biting cold and swirling snow;
 The walls are strong. Inside we
 dwell

Quite safe to feel we need not go
 Away from our sequestered home.

Without, the storm can still be
 heard;

Within, the shadows drift and sway;
 And now, the fire dies down again;
 The embers glow, then fade away.

—Mary McLarren, 11-A.

C. C. C. C.

I used to be a normal girl,
 Though here and there I have a flaw,
 But I've reached imbecility
 With Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

I led a fairly merry life
 With brother, sister, maw, and paw,
 'Til suddenly the air was rent
 With Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

I used to sing around the house
 The latest songs—trala, trala,
 But now my lips are sealed because
 Of Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

I used to greet the morn with glee;
 I'd leap from bed and shout "hurrah!"
 But now I groan at the thought of day
 And Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

I never kicked or barked before,
 Nor was I known to show a claw,
 But now I snarl and bite when I
 Hear Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

I was an average student then
 In English, typing, French, and law.
 My marks—now low—are all results
 Of Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

Far worse than Pistol Packin' Mama
 Or Mairzy Doats. Is there no law
 Against such fiendish, raucous songs
 As Chickery Chick Challah Challah!

—Mary Jamieson, Sp. Com.



They were only quoting cigarette ads—

Daphne Nisbet: "Light an o.g."

Ailen Gordon: "I'd rather have a Raleigh."

Fran Whitnell: "With men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one."

Lloyd Dennis: "Can I offer you a Chesterfield?"

* * * *

Mr. Dennis: I have a sure sign that all of my pupils think of me a lot.

Mr. Trietz: How's that.

Mr. D.: You should see the tacks I find on my chair.



EDITOR—*Shirley Smith*

Prize Winners—"THE LETTER" by Dan Brown, 13B

"THE SECRET" by Barbara Parker, 13B



THE LETTER

THE MORNING was dark and cold as Don Saunders rolled sleepily out of his bunk at four a.m. on the morning of March twenty-fifth, nineteen forty-five. As had been his habit for the last three or four years, Don began to violently shake the bunk in an effort to awaken his good-natured brother-in-arms, Bill. Bill was the younger of the two, and always slept in later as if it was the privilege of youth. This morning however, much to Don's surprise, Bill was already up so Don hurried off to the wash room in an effort to make up for his laxness. The dawn they had all been warned, was to usher in no ordinary day for the Canadian paratroopers stationed in Great Britain.

The red-bereted paratroopers were already assembled in the briefing hut as Don hurried in and shouldered his way toward Bill's tall figure. The colonel entered the room and began giving last minute instructions to his young men. He suggested that they write any letters they might wish to as their task was to be a momentous and therefore dangerous one. "We," the officer said, "are to spearhead the long awaited push into the Nazi Rhineland by jumping across the Rhine this morning. That will be all for now men," he concluded with traditional abruptness.

Bill and Don talked quietly as they slowly walked to their huts. They were typical of the other young men around them. They all had a job to do and they knew they could do it. There was a tense strained atmosphere in the huts as the men went about their last minute business. Don and Bill had identical pictures of a beautiful young girl propped up in front of them as they wrote their letters. Both pictures were autographed in flowing script "Love Margaret." As Don finished his letter he remarked to Bill, "I'll send mine first as I know she can't wait to hear from me."

"Never mind," Don countered, "It's my letters she sits up at night waiting for."

An hour later the airborne force is aloft and Bill and Don are sitting shoulder to shoulder in one of the leading Dakotas as she wings her way relentlessly over the English countryside and noses out over the inky channel. The two buddies begin to talk above the roar of the pounding engines as they knew that talking relieved tension before a jump, especially such a jump as

they were undertaking. The talk at last, as was always the case, drifted around to the subject of home, and then ended up with a finale as to whom was the better shot. "Why," Don boasted, "I remember the time I shot rings around you when we hunted partridge last—" but the rest of Don's claim was cut short by the jump master's warning, "four minutes."

The troops in the plane could feel their stomachs rising and knew that the big Dakota was fast losing altitude to prepare for the low level run and the ultimate jump. Don mechanically checked his chest and leg straps and experimentally worked the snap fastener of his static line. He then hunched his shoulders in order to bring his parachute pack to a more comfortable position on his back. As a final check he felt for the rope that held his rifle strapped to his right leg and tested the knot to make sure he could release the rifle just before he hit the ground. His task completed, Don straightened to find Bill peering at him and remarking, "I don't see why you want your rifle, you couldn't hit anyone anyway unless you used it as a club." Once again Don's inevitable answer was cut off by the jump master's command, "stand up and hook up." The paratroopers sprang to their feet, all laughter was gone and all thoughts were only for the grim task ahead. All that could be heard in the huge plane now was the steady drone of her engines, slower now, and the swish of the wind as it rushed by the open door. The monotonous sounds were only broken by the metallic clicks as the jumpers hooked their static lines on the anchor cable in the big plane. Out of the window Don could see the other transports and gliders. Away off and above sleek R.A.F. fighters were covering them. They were over the D.Z. now as the plane bobbed around on the prewarned sea of flak and Don wished they would hurry and jump. He didn't have long to wait. The red light flashed on and a parachute of ammunition was toppled out, its red and white cheeks showing up bright against the grayness of the dawn. Then they jumped and Don remembered he was glad.

The dropping zone reminded Don of a field of bees when the hive has been raided. Bullets were buzzing their song of death as in a daze he made for the protection of a nearby ditch. They had apparently been spotted coming in and the Nazi had been ready. Don's buddies were lying all around him, the silk of their parachutes swishing back and forth as the breeze kept the canopies inflated. It seemed as if they were trying to shut out the awful scene before them, from the rest of the world. Many of the chutes were bringing their cargos to the earth unaided as the silent forms hung limply in their harness. Then Don saw him! He was lying partly covered by the folds of his chute and even as Don raced unheedingly to his side he could see it was no use. Bill slowly rolled toward him and laying his hand on his arm managed to mumble, "the Nazis are good shots anyway, take good care of her Don."

At that time Don's grief was overwhelming, but it was not half so great as the grief of the girl Margaret, who two weeks later, tremblingly opened a letter from the War Ministry and read, "Regret to inform you that your brothers Bill and Don Saunders—" She read no further.

—Dan Brown, 13-B.



First Student—Let's do something unusual, extraordinary, startling. Something that will shock everyone.

Second Student: Okay, but you have to help me with the algebra.

THE SECRET

JULIA Northfolk folded her napkin with her long delicate fingers, while Elizabeth cleared away the tea things. The little remaining shafts of sunlight danced with melancholy on the blue willow china and intimately mingled with the red glow of the fireplace. Julia picked up her small volume of poetry and tried to concentrate. Suddenly, an ugly frown creased her seemingly virtuous brow.

"Elizabeth, do be carefully with the china! You always make such a hub-bub!"

Elizabeth stopped with a hopeful understanding, as she turned her anxious eyes toward the fragile shadow of her sister. Julia's nerves were bad to-day. The owlsh eyes rested once more on the slim silhouette, then she scurried out to the corridor.

The autumn shadows of the day melted into the dusky corners of the old house, and their summer garden was strewn haphazardly by the fall winds. There had always been an atmosphere of age about this home—obstinate and final. Elizabeth stared knowingly at her own lined face in the Victorian mirror for she too, was becoming a mere fragment of this past. Julia wasn't. She was very clever, and wise, and amazingly youthful, despite her apparent age. A shrill bell sped through the rugged silence. Elizabeth sighed, half in desperation, half in weariness.

"Speak of the devil and——"

Her lips quivered, as she hesitated. No, let the cook answer to Julia's demands for once. She felt a strong desire for a walk, besides someone had to pick up the mail at the fence. The bell shrieked with impatience, then she pushed against the heavy door.

It was a light frolicking wind that jostled her white waved hair, and turned her thoughts reluctantly to Julia again. Julia hardly ever came out into the garden at this season of the year. She bitterly denounced autumn as the weather for old women. It was too full of truth. Warm, sunny, and then cantankerous and gruff as the rain-drowned sky. Elizabeth shivered, because she liked it although she hated to be considered old or even elderly. Julia was strong and clever—she had to look up to her, because she truly feared her. Elizabeth nodded her head silently. She had always been a coward, playing into Julia's pocket, always retreating.

Her thoughts began to romance with time. Once she had been twenty-two and there had been a George Barton. Elizabeth always found her pudgy hand tightening round the lilac-scented handkerchief, when this occurred. She had been rather frivolous to his attentions, yet for once she had been blissfully happy. Julia knew nothing about him, until she came home from Europe, and then the magic stopped. Her sharp sarcastic tongue drove Elizabeth into reticence, while her resplendent manner made her the centre of attraction. Then the gentleman in question disappeared, quite suddenly, and the two sisters lived together in the home, where Elizabeth always took second place, even to employing the help.

She had walked a long way from the house, past the tangled heaps of marigold and crimson zinnia, through the ferny lane spotted with wild roses and weeds. She had almost forgotten to pick up the mail at the sedate white box. Julia would be irritated if she didn't get her mail before supper. Their box was filled with circulars, lauding the ability of a certain new chemical discovery, and the odd bill. Elizabeth turned them over in her hands, then she poked around in the inside of the box. It was empty—No! Something was stuck at the back, as if it had been jammed down the side.

She drew out a long, musty envelope, dirtied by a long stay, and ragged along the edges. It was addressed to her in a firm masculine hand. Elizabeth rubbed her eyes, and re-read the name. Yes, it was her own name on the envelope, and it was, she was sure of it, it was his writing! George Barton's! She pulled out a piece of cream notepaper, fully aware of the little lines of dirt, worn in the folds.

When she had folded it back into the last crease, Elizabeth's mouth had formed a bitter thin line. She picked her way slowly back to the garden, vacillating between surprise and disappointment. To think that he had asked, in spite of Julia's interference, and to think it had lain there for such an interminable time. She had discovered it, yet it was too late. Elizabeth stared miserably at the deranged garden. She would have to unburden her unhappiness to Julia—Julia would understand; she was so clever.

Elizabeth quickened her pace as she approached the house. Julia might be in the parlour now. The shadows grew like thin fingers in the corridor, and the parlour was empty. Elizabeth stopped outside the library. Someone was fixing the fire. It was Maggie, poking the ashes in quick short snorts.

"Is Miss Julia here, Maggie?"

"No, mum. She took the car into the village. She seemed quite annoyed."

Elizabeth replied faintly. She could see a tip of the envelope over the circulars, and a thought sprang into her head. No one must know about this, only Julia!—only Julia could share her unhappiness. Maggie's back was turned, and Elizabeth's hand ran along the edge of the desk. It was their grandfather's desk, which contained a secret compartment. She would slip the letter in there.

Maggie tood up with her red puffed face. She brushed her apron and sighed. "That will be burning fine, when your sister comes back. I'm going to see about supper now."

"Thank you, Maggie."

Elizabeth peered through the library window. It was beginning to rain, in soft, silver slivers. Julia was right. It was old woman's weather, and now she felt quite broken. She drew her hand along the edge of the desk again. Even if she did re-read it, would it satisfy her?

The compartment flew obligingly open, and she reached in for the letter. However, it was a different piece of paper that she withdrew. Her eyes picked up the words and followed the sentences in a horrible fascination, like a moment before the plunge into an abyss.

"Dear Julia, I am sorry that Elizabeth was too ill to answer my letter, and I'm glad that you wrote her reply, since you have softened the bitterness of a refusal. Do not tell her that I have answered, I only wanted to thank you for doing the best you could.—George."

Elizabeth's face was a complete mask of white rage. It had been Julia, the clever Julia, who had found out about it before she did and had settled her fate by a deft trick. Elizabeth had never felt such hatred for a human being in her life. For all these years, she had cowered under Julia's remonstrances and sarcastic criticism. She had actually feared her, who had so selfishly prevented their separation. For once in her life she would speak up to Julia, and her delicate, cultured living.

She heard the motor of the car, humming up the gravelled lane. She heard the slam of its door, and the quick precise footsteps of Julia in the

front hall. The library door opened quickly. Julia approached the fireplace, totally unaware of her sister's presence. Then Elizabeth struggled to her feet, with angry words clouding over one another. Julia turned at the sound, and her brown eyes probed the shadows in brisk annoyance.

"For goodness sakes, Elizabeth! Don't huddle yourself up in the shadows! You look like a stray kitten. Go and see if Maggie is burning the potatoes. There's a dreadful smell in the air!"

Elizabeth's hands were clenched around the arm of her chair. Something was happening to her. She found herself powerless, and the accusing words remained voiceless. Julia was warming her hands near the bright flames, completely indifferent to her own dying turbulence.

"What's the matter with you, Elizabeth? Are you ever going?"

It was no use, she was trembling, almost on the verge of tears. She could never speak up to Julia. Julia was right—she was a coward, and Julia should know—she was so clever!

—Barbara Parker, 13-B.



AN AFTERNOON IN AN INSANE ASYLUM

FRANKLY, I was scared stiff, but I was assured I was perfectly safe. My fright was not lessened as I saw the barred windows and the inscription over the door announcing that I was entering the "Ontario Hospital for the Criminally Insane."

My cousin Jerry, and my so-called friend, the doctor in charge of the hospital's patients were responsible for my visit. The doctor lived in the cottage beside ours at the beach and had invited us to see the Annual Field Day celebration and to inspect the hospital. Jerry and I, bored by the quietness of the days, had accepted, but had had misgivings.

It was a beautiful day and I remember wondering, as we entered the hospital, if I would ever see the sunlight again. My fears were somewhat allayed by the room, into which we entered. It resembled a hotel lobby, spacious and well furnished. A great many men and a few women were reading, writing or listening to the radio. In one corner a card game was in progress. Just then a small wiry man came up to us, spoke to the doctor, and as she nodded her head in assent, turned to us. I held my breath and twisted a button off Jerry's sleeve as he started to speak. Would we like a shoe shine? I sank into the nearest chair in relief, getting up again as the doctor announced that she must leave us for a moment. I immediately announced I was not going to be left, even for a moment. Meanwhile, the man was just about in tears, so I took off my hauraches and gave them to him. His face literally shone. Wiggling my bare toes I scooted after the doctor, followed by a disgusted Jerry and the amused glances of the room's other occupants.

As it happened, we were led out to the grounds where we were met by a man I took as an attendant. We walked all around the main building, while our new companion outlined the events of the coming celebration. I was fascinated by a huge building some distance from the main hospital and questioned the doctor. It had been erected lately to house the more violent cases and Joe was asked to show it to us.

As we walked across the lawn I began to get the creeps again. Inside the building I felt no better. Long lines of jail-like cells confronted us. Some weren't too bad, just tiny bleak-looking rooms with the beds cemented to the floor and the utensils of a material I took to be plastic chained to the walls. No decoration whatsoever. Then Joe took us up to where the really violent cases were housed. Unlike downstairs, there were guards here and a few of the cells were occupied. A guard relieved Joe of his duties and showed us into a vacant padded cell. Again the bed was cemented to the floor. There were no springs, in fact there was very little metal of any sort to it. There were no utensils. The guard told us they could not be left in the cell but were counted on entering and leaving. In any case, there were no knives or sharp-edged utensils allowed. There was one window which was ordinary enough except that the casings were of metal and outside were very strong looking bars. The walls looked sinister. I was very happy to get out into the corridor again. As we were leaving we passed a cell and who should we see in it but Joe. The guard told us he was one of their strangest cases. He had been released several times but always came back. In the guard's opinion he was just too lazy to find work and rather liked his home in the new building. Sometimes the ways of the sane are crazier than the ways of the insane, and I was inclined to agree.

Outside once more, the little man who had taken my hauraches came scampering up. They shone like new and sported new heels in place of the run-down ones they had formerly had. The doctor rejoined us in time to prevent my offering him any money for the job. She explained that he was allowed to do the work he seemed to love on condition that he receive no money for it, because the possession of money seemed to turn him into a raving madness. Therefore, I simply thanked him and admired his handiwork and he went off as happy as a child. The doctor also remarked that if he had been refused the shoes, his tantrums would have rivalled the best five-year-olds. Strange, isn't it, the twists and turns of a deranged mind.

The Field Day events were ready to start. Along one side of the grounds, spectators from miles around were gathering; along the other sides, the patients were milling about. Like small children, the patients enjoyed the games. A minor fight occurred during the shoe race when a lady accused a gentleman of having her shoe. A guard quickly broke it up before the contestants could become violent. Races were run by the old and young, fat and thin patients, much to the amusement of both the patients and their guests, as they seemed to like to regard us.

On the more serious side, flowers and vegetables were displayed for judging. After much debating, the judges had placed a silk ribbon inscribed with the words "First Prize" on every item. The faces of the winners, and everyone was a winner, were radiant with triumph.

At dinner that night, safely back at our cottage, we discussed the events of the day. I admitted that I had laughed at these people before, but now that I had seen them, I realized that it is a very terrible thing for a mind not to develop beyond the limits of a five-year-old or at a time to snap and all reason slip from the grasp of that unfortunate person. My friend, the doctor, also reminded me that I had not visited an ordinary mental hospital, but one where the courts had pronounced the patients, who in some cases seemed like bewildered children, as "criminally insane." They are enemies of society, but not of their own choice. It gave me something to think about.

—Jacqueline Jackson, 11-A.

WILFRED THE WATCHMAN

HIS NAME isn't really Wilfred, but he is shy and quiet and does not like to talk about himself, or have people talk about him. Wilfred is a night watchman and a mechanic combined. From twelve to fifteen hours every night, six nights a week, he works by himself in a plant where fifty men usually work during the day.

I have watched him many times, and he is a man any employer could be proud of, truthful, honest, industrious, but—stubbornly independent. He doesn't mind being made to do a thing, but he becomes very angry when he is told how to do it. For example, one night just before closing time, the foreman informed him that an electric drill in the machine shop was out of order. He wanted to show Wilfred what was wrong with it, but Wilfred said that he could fix it without being shown how.

"Well, be careful; it's expensive," warned the foreman.

"Look," stormed Wilfred, "you go to bed and don't worry. It will be ready for work to-morrow." The foreman apparently knew Wilfred quite well for he just smiled slightly, and left without another word.

Later that night I found Wilfred in the shop, the drill, or I suppose that's what it was, was arranged on the floor, in about twenty different parts. Wilfred would pick up each piece carefully, look at it, and go on to the next. Then, after looking at a small tube intently, he slowly got up from the floor.

"I've got it," he spoke aloud to himself. He sounded more like a scientist, who had just split an atom, than a workman who was doing his job. But that was Wilfred. Even when cleaning pipes, or firing a furnace, he went about it in a very serious, dignified manner.

The one peculiar thing about Wilfred, to me anyway, is that he likes to work hard. When working nights, he could catch up on a few hours sleep if he wished, but he would rather have a wrench in his hand and a job to do, than sleep all night. There are not many men like that.

He had had a very good job before his present position, as a guard at a war plant. He walked around the plant in a cleanly pressed uniform, did very little work, and received extremely high wages. But walking around a plant with a shiny badge on his chest, and a gun in his hand wasn't Wilfred's idea of earning a living. If only he could have captured a spy or saboteur, he might have felt useful, but as nothing eventful happened, and because he was very sensitive, he began to think of himself as a slacker.

"Anyone can look and act important," he told me, "but I'd rather work at something that I like and that is doing someone some good."

Wilfred has never had any schooling, except a few years at public school. He ran away from home when he was fourteen. At sixteen he was working on an oil tanker as a deckhand. It was then that he first became interested in mechanics. He spent all of his spare time watching and helping the ship's engineer. When he was eighteen he left the boats and went home. In his home town he got a job in a small repair shop and again learned many new and interesting things. But this job only lasted a year. For four or five years after that he went from one position to another and at each place he learned something new.

Wilfred isn't a specialist at any one occupation. He is a good welder, a fair pipe-fitter, an average stoker—but he does not excel at anything. Little by little, he has picked up enough practical education in ten years, so that now he can fix anything from patching a boiler to repairing a watch. Even at his present position he is learning new ideas.

He isn't afraid to try anything once. One night he operated on an extremely expensive automatic air compressor, which wasn't running to suit him. He took it apart very carefully and examined each part while he was cleaning it. After some questioning, I found to my surprise that he had never seen a machine like this before. I told him I thought he might get into trouble if he couldn't get it back together again. He just shrugged his shoulders.

"It came apart," he explained, "so it has got to go back together again. That's just common sense." He put it together again too. It took him six hours to do it, but he did. And it works better than ever before.

Wilfred never gets any thanks for what he does. He gets paid for being a watchman. He fixed the compressor not because he had to, but because he wanted to, because he was curious to see what "made it tick." Probably no one will ever notice that the machine is working better or that a leak in a radiator pipe stopped one night as if by magic; or that the furnace pipes never seem to get dirty; but that doesn't bother Wilfred. When he is dressed in old clothes, holding a screwdriver in one hand, and studying some new mechanism, he is happy and oblivious to the world around him.

—Bert Baldwin, II-C.



GOING HOME

THE TRAIN rolled speedily along, and many people had come and gone from the car. I noticed a well-decorated, young soldier near the end of the car, who sat alone for many weary miles. He sat there staring blankly into the dark night and yet it seemed he saw nothing.

The conductor came through loudly calling the next station. The soldier didn't move a muscle, but as the conductor passed him he caught his arm and earnestly questioned him. The conductor answered and walked quickly on but the soldier only seemed disappointed in his reply.

A half hour had passed and the train roared on, whistling late into the damp, cold night but in the car all was quiet and still. The lonely soldier still sat in his seat, his face almost pressed against the window. The conductor came through again, this time punching tickets. When the soldier was asked for his ticket he fumbled clumsily in his pocket for the precious piece of paper. The conductor spoke to the forlorn youth and for the first time during the long journey I saw a smile on the soldier's thin set lips and I knew the next stop was his.

For the next few moments he seemed happy and then a little impatient. Then the train stopped and only then did I know, as he was slowly led down the aisle by the conductor, that he was blind, and that he was going home.

—D. Claryk, II-A.



Janet: Did you ever hear a rabbit bark, sir?

Mr. Trietz: Rabbits don't bark, Janet.

J. Helliwell: That's funny. Here in my biology book it says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark.

"PUPPY LOVE"

AND STILL the telephone did not ring. It seemed to Elsa that she had been waiting hours for the call she was sure would come.

Remember when you were fifteen? You used to get so enthusiastic over the possibility of something or someone new. That is just how Elsa felt. She was fifteen and definitely enthusiastic over a certain individual. After all, big brown eyes and an appealing look are two things not to be ignored. The sight of them just once is enough to quicken the heart beat of any healthy-blooded young girl.

Elsa did not even know his name, but did this stop her? Not Elsa. She kept right on waiting and hoping. Whenever she closed her own grey eyes the vision of him rose before her and she smiled secretly. How wonderful to have him beside her all the time! They would go to school together and he would meet her when school was over. Elsa could see the two of them going for long walks in the spring. She could see again the waves in his red-brown hair. If only . . .

The telephone! It was ringing. Keep calm, be very quiet—excited.

"Hello—yes, this is Elsa Forest . . . To-morrow night? That would be wonderful . . . Yes, I'll be waiting. Good-bye."

She slowly put the receiver back in place and her lips parted in a smile, at last! To-morrow night he would come. She had seen him but once and he was hers. Did you say who? Why, the cocker spaniel puppy in the pet shop window, of course.

—Helen Passmore, 13-B.



Two cavalry rookies were given a horse apiece. They wondered how they could tell them apart. The first one tried cutting the man off of his but it soon grew in again. Then the second one tried clipping the tail of his but it soon grew in again, too. Finally, the first one suggested measuring the horses. Sure enough, the black horse was a full three inches higher than the white horse.

* * * *

"The dawn . . ." (struggled Mary June Matthews in a shorthand class).

"Go on," said Mr. Graham.

"The dawn was . . ."

"Well, go on."

"The dawn was . . . beginning . . . to . . . break . . ."

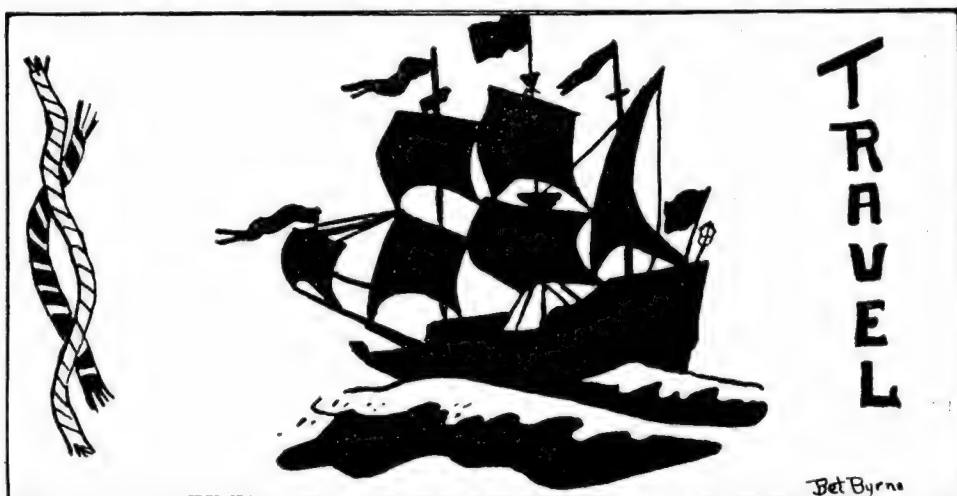
"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Graham, "sit down until you see the daylight."

* * * *

"Watcha doin'?"

"Writin' a joke."

"Tell her hello for me."



EDITORS—*Bernece Freidman, Margot Lusby*

*While we through this life do pass,
We travel day by day.
To augment our intelligence
We travel far way.*

*Although the pleasures we may find
In travelling land or sea
Are great and good, none is so fair
As travelling home can be.*

BERNECE FREIDMAN.



CANADA'S CAPITAL

THE FIRST thing that catches the attention of a visitor, as he comes out of Union Station is the Rideau Canal. This canal is very interesting in the fact that it was built originally as a military structure. The War of 1812 left strained relations between Canada and the United States, and the canal was constructed as a means of defence in 1826. This waterway was intended to be used as a means of getting gunboats from the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario, without having to travel through the international section of the St. Lawrence. When it was completed, it was never used for war purposes and has been of very little commercial importance.

During the years it took to complete the Rideau Canal, a town grew up called Bytown, named for Colonel By, the builder of the canal. Later the name was changed to Ottawa, and in 1858 was selected by Queen Victoria as the seat of government. In 1867 it was made the capital of the Dominion.

Ottawa is dominated by the beautiful Gothic architecture of the Parliament buildings, on the summit of Parliament Hill. The famous carillon of 53 bells hangs in the Peace Tower here. Here also is the Memorial Chamber of the Dominion—its tribute to the dead, with its Altar of Remembrance.

Within the altar is a book containing all the names of the men and women who gave their lives for their country during World War I.

Stone for the floor of the Chamber was brought from the parts of France and Belgium where Canadian soldiers fought and died. The marble border was the gift of the Belgian Government, and the white stone of Chateau Gillard was presented by France. Great Britain supplied the huge block from which the altar was carved. Years of expert craftsmanship have gone into the relief work and carving which tell the story of Canadian valour and sacrifice.

Among the public institutions are the Archives and the Royal Mint. In the latter, Canadian gold, silver and copper are transformed into Canadian currency, while in the former are the priceless collections of documents and pictures relating to the history of Canada. Here are the documents of early French explorers and generals, of Canadian statesmen and military leaders, and of pioneers—all who helped to develop this country of ours—CANADA.

—Leonard Saine, 13A.



TEN WEEKS ON THE HIGH SEAS

WE LEFT Yenang Yaung, Burma, on the Irrawaddy ferry early one morning in 1936. Standing on the dock were all of Dad's coolies who had come down to say good-bye to us and help us load our baggage aboard the ferry.

The trip down the Irrawaddy to Prome was beautiful. One of the most gorgeous sights was the defile which is enclosed by high rocks on each side of the river, and on the flat face of the rocks are beautiful hand-carved pictures of Buddhas, snakes and other oriental figures; and topping each peak is a pagoda.

At Prome we changed from the ferry to the train, and our journey to Rangoon began again. The white people travel first class on the trains, which entitles them to a private compartment. This lap of the journey took only one night, and we arrived in Rangoon at morning.

At Rangoon we stayed at the famous Strand Hotel on the waterfront, which had an extensive view of the river and all shipping. We had to stay in Rangoon for several days as our ship the "Mapia," a large Dutch vessel, was being fumigated and we had to wait for the fumes to abate. Rangoon is a plague spot, and fumigating is one of the Maritime laws. The "Mapia" was too large to come into the harbour, so we had to go out to the ship in a tender.

Now we were starting our ten-week trip home to Canada. Our first stop was in the Federated Malay States at Penang; this too was a very beautiful city, and we stayed at the largest hotel in the Far East, the "Eastern Oriental." From here we went to Singapore, where we visited a park in which monkeys ran about freely and unattended. We also saw the largest orchid house in the world, situated in the famous Botanical Gardens, but one of my greatest thrills was riding in a rickshaw. We remained in Singapore for several days and stayed at the Raffles Hotel.

Our next stop was in Java at Batavia, and there we had Rice Taffie at the famous hotel "Des Indes." Then we visited Samacang, Surabaya, and the Dutch island of Billiton, where tin is mined, and we bought some sou-

venirs of blocked tin. Our next stop was at Sumatra, and we purchased pieces of delicate silver work. We doubled back to Singapore and then to Makassar on the island of Celebes; where we picked up some beautiful rugs and Batik. Manila in the Phillipines came next, and we stayed there for five days with some friends. After that came Ilo-Ilo, where mother bought some enchanting perfume called "Elang-Elang." Our last stops before crossing the Pacific were the island of Cebu and then another island at which the ship took on a cargo of mahogany.

Crossing the Pacific took three weeks. Our first port of call in the United States was Los Angeles. From there we stopped at various ports until we reached Vancouver, our destination. This concluded our ten-week journey, which now seems to me like a dream.

Marilyn Flett, 11C.



A VISIT TO COLOMBIA

THE BOAT docked at Baranquilla in the pitch black of a tropical night. We found the city crowded, and there was a sharp contrast between the beautiful, modernistic hotel and the dirty one-roomed homes of the natives. The hotel was built in a U-shape with all outside rooms leading onto wide balconies, and in the centre was a very elaborate swimming pool.

We left by river plane the next day for Barranca Bermeja. The one hundred and fifty odd miles provided much interesting, if not particularly beautiful scenery. The thick green jungle was so tightly interwoven that we very rarely could catch a glimpse of the ground. The muddy, dried-up river did not look very attractive. The only beauty was in the mountains. The high snow-capped peaks stand as a symbol of freedom and aspiration in the midst of the backwoods country.

Our first impression of the natives came when we saw a very brown, barefooted, large boned woman with black hair and eyes, walking along the side of the road carrying a huge bundle on her head and smoking a big black cigar.

The native village is an amazing spectacle. There is no middle class of people. The wealthy have beautiful modern homes and gardens. Their automobiles would make any Canadian envious. The majority of the natives however, live in one-roomed huts without windows. Since their homes are all joined together and open onto the sidewalk, they have no lawns or flower beds.

Their market is another amazing sight. You can buy almost any kind of tropical fruit for a few cents—mangoes, guavas, lemons, limes, papayas, melons, pomegranates, oranges and tangerines. Large tree-ripened bananas are two for a centavo (four-fifths of a cent). The Colombian money system is not very complicated, but there are a great many counterfeit coins and a Colombian will never accept a fifty cent piece without testing it to see if it will ring. The whole market is a riot of colour and confusion, especially confusion, with donkeys and goats wandering at will.

The stores which are much the same, offer all sorts of souvenirs and useful articles. Shoes can be ordered to measure and are made of the finest leather. Many of the purchases are made by bargaining or even haggling. To a Colombian that is an essential to business.

We lived in a camp separate from the natives, surrounded by a high fence. The houses were well ventilated and had many modern improvements. Each family had a native maid and also a girl to do the washing and ironing.

At first because the food was so definitely Colombian we did not enjoy the meals but we soon overcame our dislike. Fruit was always served, either at the beginning or at the end of the meal. Fish were seldom eaten because they were caught in warm waters and their flesh was not firm.

In this part of the world there is no twilight. From the brilliance of a tropical day to the darkest night is but a momentary lapse. This was but one of the many attractions which made our visit to Colombia memorable.

—Marjorie Lethbridge, 11-C.



TRAVEL — IT BROADENS THE MIND

A WEEK before Christmas on the Empire State express flashing towards tremendous New York State, a cross-section of humanity travelled with one common goal—New York City.

Ordinarily these people, representing all creeds, religions and nations, make the trip solely a personal venture. The extent of friendliness shown is, perhaps, a casual conversation with the occupant of the other half of the seat. Yet unusual circumstances may alter the traveller's aloofness, and unite these people into a firm, though temporary link of friendship.

When I boarded this luxurious silver train in St. Thomas, I worked my way through several plush-chaired coaches beautified by oils and chrome finishings, to my coach E-25. There my reservation directed me to a seat beside a friendly teen-age girl from Detroit. Dropping into my seat, I sighed with relief, for once I was on the Empire State what could happen?

Plenty! Our greatest worry was the threat of possible stoppage or delay at snow-bound Buffalo. All newspapers blared the news of tremendous snow piles there, with train traffic literally at a standstill. Much as I should some day like to visit that city, I had no desire to be marooned there for a few days.

However Buffalo was reached and passed, with the customs barely disturbing the few Canadians in the coach. Lunch in the diner, and I had returned to the coach, having enlarged the number of my acquaintances by two—a boy from Detroit and a Canadian veteran who had shared the table with my girl friend and me. The train flew rapidly on, keeping excellent time. We noticed that the snow drifts grew greater as we drew farther away from Canada (and they speak of the snowy north!). Hour followed hour and again we were standing in line at the diner.

Back to E-25 again. We had just passed the large city of Albany, when we stopped, simply stopped, and remained as motionless as a stubborn mule. Even the mule had an advantage over us, he knew why he remained stationary, we didn't. There, outside Albany, we remained from seven till nine P.M. All calculations had it that we would arrive at our destination at midnight—two hours late.

"Why" was on every lip. The reason quickly became obvious. There had been a wreck on the tracks ahead of us. Flaming cars lined the track. blood-bathed victims reclined on the snowy white sidings. Immediately a contagious, hysterical supposition started.

"What if my father (aunt, uncle, husband, etc.) hears about the wreck? He's sure to think it was the Empire. Well, there's nothing I can do about it, but poor father."

The train was again in motion and we were all secretly thankful that ours had not been the wrecked train. Already the atmosphere of the coach was different. The two blonde children that had played in the aisles all day, became the pets of all the passengers. Conversations sprouted on topics ranging from overseas to the vacations to be spent in New York. Gin rummy games were played across the aisles. Friendship was slowly seeping in.

Calamity had only begun to stir us into her great human stew. After forty minutes of travel, "the best train in the continent" according to all the advertisements, creaked to a second stop. Exasperation was the general sentiment.

"Never again. I'll fly wherever I'm going."

"Fly? I'd walk before I'd put a foot in an N.Y.C. train."

Such remarks were targeted at the coach porter, a genial carefree character, who sarcastically informed us that "I deeply regrets the tardiness of this here train and coffee will be served immejutly." The coffee supply was soon exhausted—the diner was stocked for only a twelve-hour run, so was our patience. The passengers took to promenading through the other cars to stretch their weary limbs and aching backs.

Several cars forward I encountered a group of girls going home from Rochester University for the vacations. They were freshmen and soon we were engrossed in conversation about their school. More friendships had bloomed.

It was now ten-thirty and to avoid boredom, we determined to organize the car for enjoyment. Thus the regular passengers and seven of us from E-25 began singing, first popular tunes and then Christmas Carols. How appropriate they seemed as we looked out into the snowy night. Charades, always an amusing pastime, was started at one end of the coach. Fifty-year-old businessmen joined, as eager as high school boys. The decks of cards were pooled for the enjoyment of everyone.

Here was a broadened and enlightened spirit of humanity's need for companionship. Here there was friendship for necessity's sake, tolerant and ignorant of class distinction. Hurlled together by coincidence in one streamlined enclosure were rich men and poor, Protestants, Jews and Catholics, white women and brown, fur-bedecked and tweed-clothed alike—all were friends in the truest meaning of the ambiguous term.

Travel may be tiring (we were six hours late), it may be expensive, but yes, it does broaden the mind.

—Bernice Friedman, 13-B.



They had just kissed a long time. He was still breathing the subtle, flower-like perfume with which she had dabbed the lobes of her ears.

"Crocus?" he murmured.

"No, darling," she sighed, "but for a minute I thought I was going to."

* * * *

Hick Town (Corunna, perhaps?): One where if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father—he is.

THE MEMORIAL CHAMBER, OTTAWA

THE ENTRANCE to the chamber is guarded by two sets of wrought iron gates, flanked on each side by two lions, one carrying on its shield the dragon of war, the other, the dove of peace. Carved above on the Gothic arch are the mule, the horse, the reindeer, the dog and the pigeon, who also served.

Having passed through the second set of gates, one enters the Chapel itself and is suddenly stunned with the grandeur, the height and the all-round magnificence. It is only twenty-four feet square but rises majestically for forty-seven feet, with unequalled grace and beauty, to its white dome of fine stone tracery.

The Chamber is built of Chateau Gailladr stone, and the columns are of St. Anne marble, imported from France.

The rich purples and the reds of the great windows cast their flickering reflection across the top and into the depth of the altars.

Beneath the windows are tablets containing the memorable words of the world's greatest writers.

About the walls beginning at the left of the entrance the wall is broken into seventeen niches, each enclosing a marble tablet upon which is engraved the history of the war.

Carved into the arches above are the devices of the fighting battalions and war decorations. The imposts between the niches are surmounted by the insignia of all the branches of the Canadian Corps.

The floor is laid in stone from those battlefields in France where so many Canadians gave their lives. The inner stones form a Greek cross below the Altar. The names of the battlefields beaten in brass are sunken into the flooring.

The base of the Altar is of black marble, the gift from Belgium. In the centre rests the Altar of Remembrance, carved from Yorkshire limestone, Great Britain's gift to Canada. About it the Royal Arms, the Arms of Canada and of the provinces are carved.

In the tomb rests the Golden Book of Remembrance, containing the names and ranks of all the dead. At eleven o'clock each day the pages are turned, so that each name is visible once in every twelve months.

Upon the frame are affixed small devices in Latin; and at the corners small figures of kneeling angels keep eternal vigil.

—Arthur Storey, 12-A.



HIGHER EDUCATION

(Based on a trip over the Andes)

TO BEGIN WITH, an automobile trip over the Andes can be very educational and enjoyable. Since it takes about five days to go over the Andes from Talara, Peru, and return, preparations must be made a few days in advance. As there are no service stations, hotels, or restaurants, the traveller must take his own gasoline, food, water, bedding and other supplies for the trip. He must also have his trusty old road map because, although there are few roads, a person can still get lost.

The west side of the Andes is very rocky and steep. There are many spots where the face of a thousand or two thousand foot cliff is nothing but barren rock; glistening in the brilliant sunlight. Other parts are covered with balsam trees which are huge, green and bottle-shaped. These trees, in blossom time, have small puffs of down, which are used as stuffing in pillows. The road on the west side twists and turns in order to gain an altitude of about twelve thousand feet, before descending the east side. Some parts of the road are very narrow and nerve-wracking at times, but are still enjoyable. One incident stands out in my mind when there was a thousand foot cliff below the road and another cliff above. The road at this spot was wide enough for just one car and no more.

The east side is just the opposite to the west in practically every way possible, except that it is still a part of the Andes. It is not as steep, and it is much more beautiful. There are very few trees or rocks, but most of the soil is a sort of red clay. The people living on this side have fields of wheat and corn divided off with a certain species of cactus which spreads out and makes quite a protective hedge. There are many species of orchids growing wild, which can be picked from trees. This is a great contrast from North America, where people pay large sums of money for just one of these precious flowers. The difference in vegetation between the east and west sides is due to the fact that the South-East Trade Winds lose their moisture on the east side before crossing the mountains.

Many people think that the farther south you travel the warmer it gets, but this is not true. The section of the Andes that we were in was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees South Latitude, which is approximately three hundred miles south of the equator, but the temperature was about 40 to 45 degrees. The air is very damp in the Andes. The clouds roll up the side of the 20,000 ft. mountains continuously. Sometimes while driving along the road a person has to stop the car as the lights are of no avail in seeing the road. There was one time like this on our trip when we came within one foot of the edge of the cliff and were forced to stop the car.

The people of the Andes are distant relatives of the Incas. These natives wear ordinary clothes with poncho thrown over as a coat. A poncho is a large, home-made, llama-wool blanket with a hole left in the middle to pull down over the head. The natives live, sleep, and eat in these. The homes that we saw have one room, about 12' x 12' with no chimney and are made of "adobe" which is a mixture of mud and small sticks. The smoke escapes through a hole in the thatched roof. The floor is hard mud and there is about one table and a few chairs. The beds are made of a number of sticks laid side by side on two cross pieces, which are supported about 18" above the ground. While they travel on foot, the women always spin llama wool, in a crude fashion for ponchos. An ancient method of threshing grain is used in the Andes. The farmer selects a section of hard clay or rock. He spreads the grain over the plot and allows his horses to walk over it, as was done in Egyptian times.

Sometimes my journey over the Andes seems as far away and as long ago as Egyptian times, but there are moments when I live it all over again as a pleasure trip, and as an educational experience also.

—Douglas Ross, T-10-B.



Such is Life: Every woman is wrong until she cries and then she is right instantly.

SAINT JOHN, N.B.

SAIN'T JOHN must never be written or spoken of as St. John or St. John's for it immediately reveals that one is from Upper Canada, as Western Ontario is called by Saint Johnians.

This busy seaport city is situated at the mouth of the Saint John River. It is divided into three parts: West Saint John, East Saint John and the main part that is known simply as Saint John. Each part of the city juts into the harbor as a small peninsula, giving the port a very long shoreline along which are the many docks.

Ships from all lands call at this ice-free port the year round. Leading to the docks are countless railway tracks which work in conjunction with the ships. There are the spotlessly-white Red Cross ships from Sweden, the Irish ships with Éire painted on their sides and countless other ships of many nationalities. Ships can be seen each morning waiting in the harbor for the fog to lift so that they might be towed into port. Added to this is the mournful cry of the foghorn, which is heard almost every night.

Saint John has the honor of presenting the famous Reverse Falls. This freak of nature is caused by the incoming tide meeting the outcoming flow of the river. At one particular spot where there are many rocks the water appears to be rushing back into the river, giving us the Reverse Falls.

The tide reaches a height of twenty feet. At times, the little ferry that crosses the harbor appears to be hidden beneath the docks, while at other times it is level with the docks. It possesses two wheelhouses and the captain on his return trip instead of turning the little craft around uses the wheelhouse at the other end of the boat.

The city is hilly and one is constantly walking up or down hill. All the streets from the docks take a sharp incline to reach the main part of town. One may enter the front door of the Post Office, go up a flight of stairs, and come out onto another street. The same may be done in many other public buildings and stores.

Saint John is an old city. In the very early days, settlers were given tracts of land without definite boundaries. As years went by deeds could not be obtained for these properties. Consequently, today the people rent land for a long period and pay taxes on the building that is constructed thereon. Years ago, when a house was painted on the outside, the taxes were raised. This belief still holds and in many instances one can see row after row of unpainted, tall, square, flat-roofed buildings that have never received a coat of paint. The majority of the homes are built side by side with their front doors on the sidewalk. There is no need for a lawn mower or hose, for they have neither a lawn nor a garden.

Although the city is not blessed with many tree-lined streets, there are many pretty woods and parks along the outskirts of the city to which the people flock. Swimming is enjoyed only by the hardiest in the Bay of Fundy, the more timid seeking the warmer spots along the inland rivers and lakes. The summers are cool in town and it is unwise to saunter out at any time without a topcoat as protection against sudden showers or cold breezes from the ocean. These same fresh-water lakes and rivers provide natural spots for skating in the winter. Skiing and tobogganing are popular along the many natural tracts and slides throughout the hills.

Friday night is to the Saint Johnians as Saturday night is to the youth of Sarnia. The stores remain open late on Friday evenings and close at noon on Saturday. The restless are seen walking along the streets, entering thea-

tres or waiting in line at restaurants. The three bowling alleys provide only ten-pins for bowling enthusiasts. The theatres have greatly improved seating plans. In some theatres the seats are in definite elevated rows while in others the rows of seats are in zig-zag formation so that one seat comes between two in front.

There are a High School and a Vocational School. Students are required only to have Grade XII for their matriculation. The High School is perched on top of a hill to which there is an approach of at least fifty steps.

This city, inhabited by the descendants of the Loyalists, are gracious hosts to the visitors of their home town. Its conservative citizens are proud of its ancient landmarks, statues of its founders and their family trees.

—L. Guise.



AN EXCURSION TO GREENFIELD VILLAGE

PERHAPS many of you have never visited Greenfield Village, and, perhaps many of you have never even heard of it. In that case, let's take a little jaunt over the river, then down to Detroit to tour the city.

The Edison Institute was founded by Henry Ford and named for his friend, the late world-famous Thomas Edison. The drive over the two hundred acres of Edison grounds to the Village is a most enjoyable one. The scenery is magnificent. The countryside is so neat, immaculate, and pleasant. The Village road is bordered with stately shady elms and oaks, and clean white picket fences. Green fields are enclosed in straight shining wire fences. The whole countryside has a neat, well cared for appearance, complete with cozy painted farm buildings here and there. The hominess of these farms is most inviting to the weary traveller! Only too soon, the Village Road seems to come to an end, and Greenfield Village is before us.

Here, the relics and handcraft of the past are preserved as they were in their original environment. Immediately upon entering the Village—and after passing the large floral clock—Main Street offers its cluster of various shops and mills where hand-woven textiles and stone-ground flour and meal are still made. Michigan Avenue features such places of renown as the old Clinton Inn and Stables, the beautiful Martha Mary Chapel, the Waterford General Store with shelves still stocked with precious pre-war and old-time luxuries, and the still sturdy brick Jewelry shop topped with its famous Bell Ringers who strike the hour by gonging three huge steel bells. This structure is rare, being the only such Bell Ringers in the world. On Middlesex Avenue is the Logan County Courthouse where a fire lit by Edison some forty years ago is still burning, and on the same grounds are the log cabins and confinement huts used by the negro slaves. On the other side of the street is the Town Hall School where lessons are still taught to the village children. Dearborn Road is the site of the Stephen Foster Cottage, the Noah Webster house, the Luther Burbank birthplace, and the old Edison Homestead. In the historic Edison building in the Village is the restored laboratory and the Fort Myers laboratory, both filled with Edison's inventions. The many industrial and craft shops which dot the spreading west section of the Village include the Wright Cycle Co. shop—birthplace of the airplane, the Bagley Avenue shop—birthplace of the Ford car, the Sir John Bennet Jewelry Shop from London, England, as well as the shops of the village blacksmith, weaver, glassblower, shoemaker, and silk, cotton, and sugar mills.

Thomas Edison, whose lifetime of constant service to humanity has been an inspiration to Mr. Ford and many others, is remembered in the Greenfield Village museum, home of a thousand and one relics and inventions. It occupies approximately eight acres, all under one roof, and the mammoth floor is a masterpiece in itself, being laid with rare teakwood in a herringbone design. Exhibits in the agriculture section are arranged in order of evolution and trace the growth of crops and a century's development in implements. In the Manufactural section we witness the development of steam power to the present most modern electrical devices. The Transportation exhibit includes chariots, primitive ox sledges and carts, carriages, the first and most recent Ford automobiles, aeroplanes, motorcycles, boats and bicycles. Of course, foremost in these exhibits are Edison's inventions.

It would take days to really study everything in Greenfield Village and the Edison Museum and realize the value, historic importance and hard labour behind each, and to remember that without men like Edison and Ford we would not have the numerous utilities and luxuries so available today.

—Marian R. Young, 13-B.



YOKOHAMA BEFORE THE B-29's

WE REACHED the landing pier of Yokohama. A slight examination of our trunks was made by officers polite enough to beg our pardon, as do most Japanese in defeat or when a superior passes, for the trifling delay. In Japan, there is a duty on cameras, one can readily see why.

On leaving the custom-house I laughed aloud to see awaiting us the universal means of transportation in the Orient, the jinrikisha. These tiny vehicles looked as though a heavy man could crush them to earth, or a strong wind might blow them against the wall. After much foolishness on our part, we finally left for the city of Yokohama. Delighted with our first experiences in these little vehicles, we left the custom house for the Grand Hotel. This is one of the best hotels in the entire East. It fronts directly on the sea, and one can sit for many hours on its verandahs and watch the animated scenes of street-life in the foreground.

Yokohama is divided into three sections. The first is the original business settlement, where the hotels are located; the second is the strictly Japanese quarter; the third lies on an eminence called "The Bluff." The summit of this hill is reached, not merely by a winding road, but also by a stairway known as "The Hundred Steps." Upon this height most of the foreigners reside; here also are the hospitals of different nations, the foreign cemetery, and several consulates. On this hill, one does not go by name, but by number. For instance you might be taking one to Gentleman 35. These names are used because the rickshaw drivers do not understand foreign names.

Some of the houses on the Bluff are quite attractive; and life in them must be in many respects delightful. Here we met several women who said that they enjoyed keeping house in Japan. The markets of Yokohama abounded in meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables, all at reasonable prices. The summer had been hot and varied by an occasional earthquake, but on the Bluff the air was pure and cool and they had at least been exempt from thunder storms.

Yokohama's climate is not always tropical or even mild. Winter also can assert itself here and boats and buildings sometimes are covered with snow. The Japanese have only charcoal braziers to warm their houses, and these dwellings are mere paper screens. They themselves rarely wear woolen garments, much less flannel ones. Yet the people are hardy.

The foreign cemetery of Yokohama is beautifully situated on the Bluff, above the tumult of the town. It is well kept, and many of its monuments are elaborate. Numerous epitaphs in English, French, German and Italian attest the cosmopolitan character of the place.

The day after our arrival in Yokohama we drove out into the surrounding country. It was historically very interesting. Upon the plain where we saw labourers harvesting their crops, once stood the ancient capital of the empire, Kamakura. At Kamakura is the world-renowned statue of Buddha, one of the largest works in bronze that man has ever made. Upon a huge portion of monstrous magnitude, he has been seated here in solemn contemplation for several hundred years. From here we went to Tokyo. But later, as I have heard, in the nights of the terrible war which has just ended, tons upon tons of bombs rained like hailstones above this entrance to the heart of Japan. The cemetery, the fields, the houses on the Bluff are now pocked like a victim of smallpox. On an August morning in the harbour of Yokohama I saw Yokohama again, only now as the commander of a cruise. Once again I saw some of my old friends, but their emaciated bodies showed that their life had changed. The Japanese were still respectful, but my golden stripes and my chest full of medals and ribbons had placed me above them. Now the Bluff is bare but covered by rubble, no jinrickishas ask to take you through the streets. Yes, Yokohama was beautiful before the B-29's.

—James Whitfield, II-A.



CALIFORNIA — AN AUTOMOTIVE FAIRYLAND

CALIFORNIA is really a place out of a fairy book, that is, some parts of the state. The southern coast of California back to the mountains is a region of eternal sunshine. In the thickly populated areas, many conveniences have been developed that are seen nowhere else.

With the growth of the automotive industry in the east, came the growth of the drive-in in California. Drive-ins were at first just a place where occupants of automobiles were served at the curbs. But then a man named Johnson decided to capitalize on the idea. He built four of these drive-ins on a circular plan. They were comparatively small to the huge drive-ins of today, but just the same they were an advancement. He called each of these the "Rite-Spot." To-day he has a huge business. Another famous chain of these is "The Brown Derbies."

The movies were the next to be influenced with this healthful idea. A huge screen was set up with many rows of parking spaces in front of it. Thus people could sit in their cars and enjoy the latest released movies.

Still more modern are several drive-ins now in construction. A large bank is building an annex where the teller's window is to be so situated that you do not have to leave the car. Also under construction is a huge "Super Market. At the entrance the customer leaves a list of the groceries he wishes to purchase. Then he parks the car on a parking lot. Here can be

heard music or a meal can be purchased at an adjacent restaurant. Ten minutes later, the largest order is ready at the exit of the store.

With the youth of the district, "speed" is the watchword. All, or nearly all boys over sixteen own their own cars. Many of them having "hot rods" or "souped up" buggies. On these cars are put canons, ripples, superchargers, double carburetors and restyled bodies. Canons are an extension on the exhaust pipe that makes the car sound like an aeroplane. Ripples are large chrome hub-caps that have steel bars on them and they "hum" when the car is in motion, and whistle when it travels at a high speed. These souped-up cars may be seen by the scores at these local drive-ins.

French cars of a recent model are easily adaptable to this souping. Small cars such as Crosley's and Bantams are popular and are common among the youths.

Parking spaces are made on the tops of most mountains and give an excellent view of unexcelled splendour. The most vivid of these is from Mount Wilson.

So boys, if you intend to be modern, there is only one place for you—California.

—John Battram, 11-A.



TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

He: Hello.

Elaine: Hello.

He: Do you stil love me?

E. Gray: Sure, who is it?

* * * *

After the lights went on again—

Shirl Smith: You really shouldn't have kissed me like that with all these people around so close—even if it was dark.

Don: I didn't kiss you. I only wish I knew who it was—I'd teach him.

Snuff: Oh Guth, you couldn't teach him anything.

* * * *

Mr. Marcy: Why are you scratching your head?

Lantz: I've got arithmetic bugs in my head.

Mr. M.: What are arithmetic bugs?

Don: "Cooties."

Mr. M.: Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?

Don: Because they add to my misery, subtract from my pleasure, divide my attention, and boy! do they multiply!!

* * * *

Mr. Kilbreath: Do you suppose our son gets his intelligence from me?

Mrs. K.: He must, I've still got mine.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY



Candid Camera Shots by Students of S.C.I. and T.S.



Alumnae



- Alan Milner, Sarnia Bridge Co.
 Alice Isbisetr, home
 Alice Free, Logan and Logan.
 Alvin Park, Kents' Shoe Store.
 Amy Hayes, St. Clair Processing Corp.
 Andrew Gajdos, home.
 Ann Plummer, Toronto.
 Audrey Pearce, W. L. Smith, Credit Bureau.
 Audrey Scarrow, Port Huron.
- Barbara Moore, Toronto University.
 Bertram Street, Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Bessie Watson, home
 Beatrice Brain, Windsor Nursing School.
 Betty Allingham, Western University.
 Betty Cook, Gas Office.
 Betty Gallie, Sarnia Business College.
 Betty Gene Shanks, home.
 Betty Jean Smith, Rural Hydro Office.
 Beverly Stone, Toronto University.
 Bill Brims, Toronto University.
 Bill Carruthers, C.N.R.
 Bill Charlick, St. Clair Tobacco Co
 Bill Jones, Peterboro.
 Bill Pedlar, Goodison's.
 Bill Osborne, Japan (U.S. Navy).
 Blake Willock, Gas Company.
 Bruce Barry, home.
 Bruce Moore, Sarnia Business College.
 - Bruce Selman, Queen's University.
 Bruce Whitcombe, Clark's Garage.
- Clare McDonald, Hamilton.
 Clare Oliver, Business College
 Colleen Harkins, Business College.
- Dick Park, Port Huron College.
 - Dick Stewart, Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Don MacFarlane, London.
 - Don Shanks, Toronto University.
 Don Wiles, Tyre Construction Co.
 Donna Dobson, C.W.A.C.
 Donna Gale, W. L. Smith, Credit Bureau
 Donna MacIntyre, London.
 Dora Bright, Dow Chemical.
 Doris Johnston Law Office, Lockhart.
 Dorothy Abel, Bell Telephone.
 Dorothy Carr, Sarnia General Hospital.
 Dorothy Chappel, Polymer.
 Dorothy Kelly, Woolworth's.
 Dorothy Pippard, Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Dorothy Scott, Bank of Commerce.
 Dorothy Skerratt, Chambers Electric.
 Dorothy Teasell, Auto-Lite.
 - Doug Gray, Ridley College.
 Doug Jeffrey, Laidlaw Belton Lumber Co
- Edra Wooley, Toronto University.
 Edward, Dennis, Sherdan, Man.
 Eileen Iden, Jamieson's Grocery.
 Ellen Robbins, London Central Collegiate.
 Elmer Brock, St. Clair Tobacco Co.
 Elsie Pullman, Grocery Store.
 Evelyn Bush, Capitol Theatre.
 Evelyn Heal, Auto-Lite.
 Evelyn Whitfield, home.
- Faye Wilson, National Grocers.
 Florence Carter, Bell Telephone
 Florence McGugan, married.
 Frances Sayers, Polymer Corporation.

Frances Elder, Toronto University.
Freda Holmes, England.

George Milne, Toronto University.
Gordon Milne, Toronto University.
Gordon Laird, Business College.
Grace Smith, Laidlaw Belton.

Harold Zeiler, Business College.
Hazel Stewart, married.
Helen Carmichael, Brantford.
Helen Carruthers, Business College
Herman Wieringa, U.S. Navy.
Hugh Kilbreath, Sarnia Bridge Co.

Ian Bell, St. Andrew's College.
Iris White, Canadian Synthetic Rubber Co.
Irvin Tremain, Canadian Observer.
Isobel Henderson, Business College.
Isobel McIntosh, Glasgow, Scotland.

Jack Armstrong, Imperial Oil Ltd.
Jack Blake, St. Clair Processing Corp.

Jack Brennan, Polymer Corporation.

- Jack Dorsay, Ajax Division U. of T.

- Jack Godley, Gas Co.

Jack Scarrow, working in Port Huron.

Janet Hawkins, Treasurer's Office.

J. D. Murray, Army, London, Ont.

Jean Deyo, Toronto University.

Jean Gilbert, London.

Jean Dixon, Woolworth's

Jean Marshall, Polymer.

Jean McDonald, University Halifax.

Jean McKinley, Toronto University.

Jennie Brain, Walkers Stores.

Joanna Dougherty, Imperial Oil Ltd.

Joanne Brown, Polymer.

- Joyce Addison, C.N.R. Office.

Joyce Fisher, Bank of Montreal.

- Joyce Johnston, Havergal College, Toronto.

Joyce Lusk, Spier's Sheet Metal.

Judith Payne, Alma College, St. Thomas.

June Johnson, Bell Telephone.

Ken Heath, City Engineer, City Hall.

Ken Smith, Auto-Lite.

Lois Marshall, Polymer.

Lois Phillips, Bank of Toronto.

Lois Morpew, working Port Huron.

Mac Evans, Canadian Synthetic Rubber Co.

Margaret Anderson, Business College.

Margaret Parker, Toronto University.

- Margaret Sinclair, Toronto University.

- Marie Murry, Bell Telephone.

Marjorie Abel, Canadian Synthetic Rubber Co.

Marjorie Babcock, Apprenticing at Hairdressing.

Marjorie Isom, Port Huron.

Marjorie Shannon, Sarnia General Hospital.

Mary Colotelo, Toronto Western Hospital.

Mike Kuz, home.

Molly Murphy, Ontario Ladies' College.

Muriel Ambrose, Bell Telephone.

Myrtle Sands, Young's Jewelry Store.

Nancy Ahern, Canadian Synthetic Rubber Co.

Nancy Le Sueur, Toronto University.

Nancy Rose, Western University.

Neil Craig, London Rehabilitation School.

Nellie Thompson, St. Clair Processing Corp.

Nola Scimmi, Cullis Law Office.

Nona Horner, Shawville, Quebec.

Noreen Clysdale, Mr. Wickett's office.

Norma Bentley, Woolworth's.

Norris McDonald, Imperial Oil Ltd.

Pat Bruner, C.N.R. Office.

Pat Street, Sarnia Bridge Co.

Peggy Christien, Civic Hospital, Ottawa

Peggy Milne, Toronto Western Hospital.

Phyllis Ambler, home.

Phyllis Pearce, Muellers Ltd.

- Ralph Dailey, Neal's Bread Co.
 Ralph McClean, Royal Roads Military College.
 Ralph Fulkerson, Polymer.
 Ray Dodds, U.S. Navy.
 Reid Ellenor, Polymer.
 Rene Stoner, St. Clair Processing Corp.
 Robert Brown, St. Clair Processing Corp.
 Robert Cole, Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Robert Graham, Canadian Steamship Lines.
 Robert Hitchcock, Imperial Oil Ltd.
 Robert Johnston, home.
 Robert Jones, Paris, Ontario.
 Robert McBean, Starkman's Jewelry Store.
 Ross McCrie, C.N.R.
 Roy Lumby, Sarnia Bridge Co.
 Robert Thorn, Army Trade School.
 Roy Welsh, Army.
 Ruth Gifford, London.
 Ruth McCracken, College of Art, Toronto.
 Ruth Reynolds, home.
- Sarah Chappell, Clayton Studio.
 Sarah Saunders, C.W.A.C.
 Shirley Fyfe, St. Clair Processing.
 Shirley Hastings, W. L. Smith office.
 Shirley Humphries, Laidlaw, Belton Lumber Co.
 Shirley Pass, Bell Telephone.
 Shirley Price, South America.
 Shirley Storey, Gas Office.
 Shirley Wilson, Gas Office.
 Stanley Walter, Western University.
 Ted Millard, Barge's Dry Cleaners.
 Terrence Haney, Army, London, Ontario.
 Vida Ayrheart, Mueller's.
 Virginia Garvin, Bell Telephone.
 Walter Wren, Toronto University.
 Wes Moore, Toronto University.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

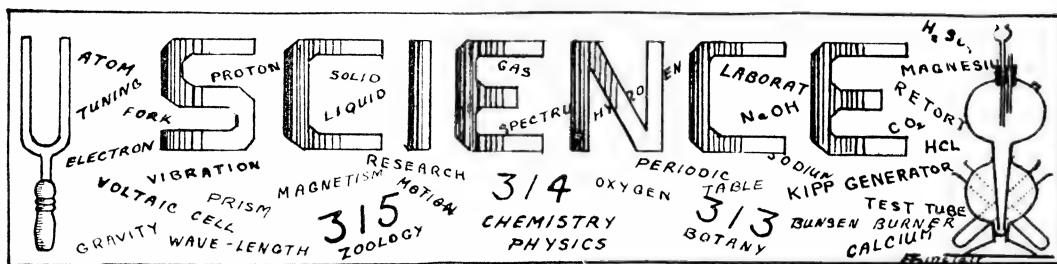
Bill Brown, Carson Thompson, Charles Hoynt, Delores Millar, Doris Spencer, Elizabeth Dew, Frances Scarrow, Frank Hillier, Harold Grass, Helen Moran, Jack Bond, James Durance, John Campbell, John Phair, Kathleen Fisher, Lois Dove, Marguerite Campbell, Marjorie Long, Murry Johnson, Reginald Conant, Ross Stokes, Stella Bolf, Velma Joyce, Wayne Fisher.



Shirl: Was your sailor friend broken-hearted when you jilted him?
 Barb: No, he was perfectly horrid. When I gave him his ring back he cut a notch on the inside.
 Snuff: What's so bad about that?
 Smitty: There were five other notches there already.

* * * *

Mary: Is he unusual?
 Pauline: Is he unusual? Why, last night we ran out of gas when he took me for a drive.
 Jamie: I thought you said he was unusual?
 Slate: He walked two miles to get some more!



EDITOR—Edward Bagley

HOW RECORDS ARE MADE

WHEN you are in a booth, playing records at a record shop, or at home with your own, do you ever wonder how the records are made? Here is a brief outline of record manufacture.

The orchestra plays before a microphone, in a room where the sound will not be deflected from the walls and cause an echo. The output from the microphone passes through a series of amplifying stages direct to the recorder, which is equipped with a V-shaped cutting tool. The record blank is a circular disc of wax, carried on a turntable which is rotated at a constant speed by a weight driven motor. As the table rotates, it also travels horizontally at a uniform speed, being carried on a revolving threaded shaft. The cutting point is adjusted to take a cut of a few thousandths of an inch in the blank's surface, and as the machine runs it cuts a fine spiral groove of uniform depth, running from the circumference to within two or three inches of its centre. There are about one hundred grooves per inch on a record's surface.

The record is then dusted with graphite to make it an electrical conductor and then slowly rotated in a copperplating bath. When the copper coating is thick enough it is removed from the wax blank and is called a negative; a whole series of these negatives are made.

Two kinds of materials are used in the manufacture of the breakable type of record, resins and gums (shellac) and various mineral fillers, which are used to lower the cost of production and to give increased resistance to wear. From this material records are pressed from the negatives in steam-heated hydraulic presses.

Victor and Decca use these materials to make a solid record, but the manufacturers of Columbia records start out with a piece of paper and build up on both sides of it with resins and mineral fillers.

From my own experience with records, I find that Victor and Decca wear much better than Columbia, but that they also break easier than Columbia records do. I have also found that orchestras or bands with much brass or deep bass instruments, do not make good recordings because the recorder cannot pick up all the notes clearly and it comes out a mass of jumbled tones. The blast of notes makes excess wear on the record, needle, and pick-up which are as sensitive to mechanical vibrations as your ear drum. By observing the record when it is revolving, you can tell whether it will give you satisfaction, by noting how some parts of the record reflect light better than others. On the portion that is shiny there are no extremely loud or harsh notes and where it looks dull there is a sudden blast of notes which will not reproduce clearly. If the entire surface of the record looks dull, don't buy it. Get the recording by another orchestra.

—Don Godley, T-12.

DIESEL—THE MODERN POWER

THE FIRST successful Diesel engine was completed in 1897 when Dr. Diesel was thirty-nine years old. It was a single cylinder twenty-five horsepower unit. At that time it was a heavy, slow engine, weighing 250 pounds for each horsepower developed. The Diesel's weight made it too expensive for many uses although its high efficiency partially made up for its cost and weight. At present, a small six-cylinder Diesel engine weighs only about ten pounds per horsepower. Railroad Diesels weigh seventeen pounds per horsepower.

The Diesel is no doubt the most efficient type of engine built today; that is, it converts much more of the energy in a fuel into work. The more useful work obtained from a given quantity of fuel, the higher is the efficiency. High efficiency means low fuel consumption.

The Diesel also has a higher loading efficiency. In a gasoline engine, air and fuel are always in the ratio of about fifteen parts of air by weight to one part of fuel. This means that one part of fuel always has to heat fifteen parts of air, giving the same temperature at half or no load as at full load. In the Diesel, however, the quantity of air always remains the same, which is more than enough to burn the fuel injected into it, no matter how large or small the injection. This means that one part of fuel always has to heat more than fifteen parts of air. The temperature, therefore, is not as high in the Diesel as in the gasoline engine with its higher temperature in the cylinder which will transfer heat more quickly into the cooling system than the Diesel will. Since the heat which goes into the cooling system is wasted, the Diesel engine will waste less of the heat in the fuel and more of the heat is usefully employed to move the piston. No matter what the speed or load on the gasoline engine, the temperatures in the cylinder are always the same. The temperature in the Diesel engine decreases with the speed and load (less fuel to heat the same amount of air) and the heat loss is less as the power output decreases.

Both the Diesel and the gasoline engine are internal combustion engines which convert the heat of natural fuels into work in the cylinder of the engine itself. The Diesel and the gasoline engine are almost identical in external appearance. Both engines have cylinders, connecting rods, pistons and a crankshaft, and use a liquid fuel to burn inside the cylinder. Nevertheless, there are fundamental differences. In the gasoline engine, the fuel and air are mixed before they enter the cylinder. In the Diesel, the fuel and air are mixed inside the cylinder. The gasoline engine compresses a mixture of gasoline and air, and is ignited by an electric spark. The Diesel compresses only a charge of air and ignition is accomplished by heat of compression when the fuel is injected.

In an internal combustion engine, the higher the compression ratio, the greater is the efficiency. The compression ratio of an engine is the ratio of the volume of the cylinder when the piston is at the bottom of its stroke, to the volume of the cylinder when the piston is at the top of its stroke. In a gasoline engine, the ratio is approximately six to one and in a Diesel engine sixteen to one. This means that in a gasoline engine the full charge of gas is compressed to its volume and in a Diesel to a 16th of its volume. This high ratio is possible since no ignition can occur by heat of compression since there is no fuel in the cylinder. If a gasoline engine had this compression ratio, the heat of such high compression would pre-ignite the gasoline air mixture resulting in a sharp knock or even force the piston down before it reached the top of its stroke, causing the engine to run backwards.

Since the fuel and the air are mixed inside the cylinder, there is no need for a carburetor in a Diesel. Instead, a fuel injection system is the device used to force fuel into the super-heated air just before the piston reaches the top of its stroke. Compressing the air until its temperature reaches 1000 degrees, means that the fuel of which the ignition point is 450 degrees, will ignite the complete mixture at the instant it is injected into the cylinder. In a Diesel, the throttle is used to control the amount of fuel only, which is injected into the cylinder.

Although there are two and four stroke cycle engines, and various ways of injecting the fuel and supplying sufficient air, these are the underlying principles of the operation of the Diesel.

—J. Wierenga, 'T-12.



PLASTICS

WHAT are plastics? The chemist calls them "synthetic resins." A resin is a natural source such as asphalt. They are a new series of working materials, which under proper conditions can be coloured, and molded with heat and pressure. They are made of coal, wood, milk, air, tar and cotton, and many other materials. They are all light in weight, smooth textured, resistant to water and corrosion, and have colour variety.

There are twenty main different manufactured plastics, which can be divided into two groups: 'thermosettings' and 'thermoplastics.' Thermosetting plastics undergo a chemical change when heated, and therefore cannot be used again. Thermoplastics don't undergo a chemical change on heating so they can be reheated, and remolded indefinitely.

Plastics are molded by a great variety of methods, the two most important being 'injection' and 'compression.' With the injection method, the plastics are forced into cool cavities, after being softened by heat. With the compression method, the plastic is placed between two iron jaws, with some shape molded in them. These jaws are heated, then pressed into plastic-forming heat and plastics.

Styron, Ethocel, and Saran are three most important plastics. Styron is a thermoplastic plastic, made from styrene, and sold at twenty-five cents per pound. It is the clearest and lightest plastic; it resists acids and water; it is an extremely good insulator. Its most important use in the war was for radar equipment. Because of its insulating value, it was used in the electric tubes. It was also used for unbreakable laboratory glassware, refrigerator doors, surgical instruments, transmitters, acid bottle tops, and iron combs.

Ethocel is extremely tough and strong, and resists an amazing variety of temperatures. It is free from odour, light in weight and molded by either of previous methods. It is very important for aircraft communication, because of strong stability; also for watings on ignition cables for airplanes in sub-zero weather. Fabrics are treated with it against gas, mildew and fire. Ice cube trays are made of it because ice does not stick. It is made into small window panes two inches square, which let light in, but cannot be seen through. These are used in the stair window of Our Lady of Mercy School on Christina street.

Saran is made in forms from fine fibres to tremendous pipes. From this great variation, you can see why it is called plastics of many trades. It has low absorption rate, and is unaffected by age. It is not flammable, and be-

sides being molded, it can be forged, blown, rolled, stamped and welded. It is used for oil pipes, carrying away corrosive acids, which would eat away metal pipes. It can be stretched into very fine fibres, and woven into cloth. This cloth is used for upholstery in street cars. The car can be filled with steam, and ready for use in ten minutes. Similarly it can be used for upholstery in cars, and movie-seats, which can be scrubbed with soap and water. You will be pleased that when it starts to rain, you won't have to run out for your lawn furniture, when this new material is used. Screening is the most important new use. It is light, flexible, colourless, will not rust and corrode and lasts forever.

—Anne Cowan, 11-A.



PLASTICS

WHILE wood is composed of cellulose fibre held in compression by natural resins, plastic is composed of cellulose fibres held in compression by a synthetic resin. Wood is converted into wood alcohol in a retort. This alcohol is passed through a heated metal screen which acts as a catalyst and turns the alcohol into formaldehyde.

Coal is distilled for coke and illuminating gas. The coal tar which remains contains phenol which is refined and put back in the retort and cooked with formaldehyde. This, commonly called a witches' brew, becomes a chemical resin. This resin is not unlike the resin which holds the natural wood fibres in compression.

The reaction of the phenol with the formaldehyde may be stopped before the union is complete. This partially cured resin is mixed with powdered wood; this mixture is pressed in a heated die so that the powdered wood fibres are compressed even more than they are in the hardest of woods. This reaction permanently cements the powdered wood fibres into the shape formed by the die.

Thus a new substance has been born and it is stronger than its equivalent weight in steel. Fire cannot melt it nor will chemical reactions by man or by nature can change it again. This is the miracle which is plastic.

—Dorothy McCracken, 12-A.



WHEEL OF VISION

HAVE YOU ever noticed that when a wheel turns very rapidly, the spokes seem to disappear? This illusion was the basis for the first television machine.

A German, Paul Nipkow, discovered that if a disk is pierced with holes in a spiral design and rotated at a great speed, it produced a zone in the disk through which objects can be viewed. This is the same as the disappearing spokes on a rotating wheel. The pierced disk is called a "spanning" disk. The object viewed through the spanning disk is broken up into many tiny parts by the holes which are spinning by. All we notice is a slight flickering, and the object appears a little darker.

When the disk is used in a television machine, it spins at the rate of 1,200 revolutions per minute. A subject sits before the disk with a bright light shining on him. Behind the disk is a photo-electric cell. When one of

the holes in the disk moves by the cell, light reflected from the subject goes through it and strikes the photo-electric cell. This cell generates an impulse of electricity. There is an impulse for every part of the subject which is broken up by the spinning disk. So now we have a picture broken up into many little parts and each part is an electric impulse.

These impulses are sent to an aerial and thus to a receiver where there is another photo-electric cell, and another spinning disk synchronized with the first one. This cell glows as the impulses pass through it. The scanning disk's holes pick up the flashes and reassemble them into a picture.

This method has many drawbacks, the main one being that reception is very poor because it flickers. As soon as the electron tube was developed scientists started to work, adapting it to television. With the electron tube, a beam of electrons takes the place of the whirling disk of the old machine.

—John Macgillivray, 13-A.



THE ATOMIC BOMB

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that uranium is the basic atomic material gives one a clue to the composition of the atomic bomb and how it operates. When a single atom of uranium is split it releases 200,000,000 electron volts while one molecule of T.N.T. releases 5 electron volts and there are many atoms in one molecule. Thus we catch the idea of the comparative feebleness of T.N.T.

The tremendous energy generated by the breaking up of an atom and the liberation of the electrons may be compiled by the mathematical formula—the quantity of energy equals the quantity of mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light. Since light travels at about 186,300 miles per second, the square of speed of light is a stupendous figure and multiplied by a very moderate mass would still give a terrific amount of energy. The terrific in the U.S.A., in the British Isles and Switzerland.

All material is composed of atoms and now we learn that the atom is put together of various parts. It can be compared to a miniature solar system. The core or nucleus is like the sun and is composed chiefly of protons, which are minute particles with a positive electron charge and neutrons which carry no electric charge. The atom also has negatively charged electrons, some of which like the planets of our solar system revolve about the nucleus at a speed of 174 thousand miles per second. The positive and negative electrical charges cancel out. The proportion of solid matter—protons, neutrons and electrons—to the empty space in an atom is as one to a billion.

For example, if we could get rid of the vacant space in the atoms in a human body, the resulting amount of material would be a tiny speck just about visible to the human eye. To put it another way, if the nucleus of an atom were enlarged until it was barely visible, the electrons would be revolving at a distance of six feet or more.

The release of atomic energy rests upon three fundamental principles as enunciated by Professor H. D. Smyth of Princeton University. The first of these is that matter can neither be created nor destroyed but only altered in form. The second is that energy also can neither be created nor destroyed. The third was enunciated by the famous German-Jewish scientist, Dr. Albert Einstein, father of the principle of relativity. In 1905 Einstein pointed out that mass and energy are really alternative forms of the same thing.

The events leading up to the atomic bomb began in 1896, when Antoine Becquerel, a French scientist, discovered the invisible radiation of uranium.

He found that salts of uranium would fog an unexposed photographic plate. Two years later Pierre and Marie Currie discovered polonium and radium. Then in 1919, the British physicist Baron Ernest Rutherford developed the theory that the atom has a nucleus. By shooting helium particles against nitrogen he produced oxygen and hydrogen. In 1932 Sir James Chadwick discovered the neutron, the unelectrified particle in the nucleus of the atom. Because it is unchanged it can be used in the bombardment of the atoms without being repelled or attracted by the plus or negative electric charge of the protons or electrons. It is this bombardment by neutrons which released the atomic energy.

Also in the 1930's came the invention of the cyclotron which contributed basically to the atomic bomb. It is a machine for bombarding atoms with subatomic bullets of high speed and energy. These bullets fired into the atoms may knock off some of the "planetary" electrons, they may disarrange the nucleus making the atom radioactive or they may actually split the atoms transforming them into other substances and releasing a certain amount of energy.

In 1939 two German scientists were bombarding uranium atoms with neutrons. They discovered in the resulting debris, small quantities of another element, barium, and they believed that an uranium atom had been split into two parts, less in combined weight than the original atom.

—Robert Thompson, 12-C.



CHEMISTRY LECTURES

THIS YEAR, again, the upper school chemistry students are very fortunate. They are having the privilege of hearing a series of lectures, made possible by the Chemical Institute of Canada, through the co-operation of Mr. Treitz, and Mr. Holland of the Imperial Oil. These lectures are all on topics relating to Chemistry and have proven very interesting and educational.

Our first speaker was Dr. W. W. Stewart of the Imperial Oil, who spoke on "The Chemical Industry in Canada." "Industrial Chemical Control as a Career" was the topic of Mr. B. Goulston, also of the local refinery. The following Tuesday, Mr. C. F. Davison of the Dominion Salt Company told us about "Salt Production and Uses." "Fundamentals of Petroleum Refining" was an extremely interesting lecture by Mr. E. B. Lusby, who brought many samples of oils, gasolines, and greases for demonstration. Dr. E. J. Buckler, of St. Clair Processing Company, brought us up to date with "The Preparation of Pure Isobutylene and Butadiene." Dr. Buckler's lecture included a demonstration with a small still and several other pieces of equipment.

Topics to follow soon are on such subjects ethylbenzene, styrene, rubber and plastics. I'm certain that these will be as helpful as those above. Also, in this connection, there is being arranged a tour of Holmes Foundry, to be taken in May.

These lectures have been greatly appreciated by the students as shown by their attendance and excellent attention. They are very helpful to everyone and I hope that they may be continued from year to year.

—Doug. Shanks, 13A



Natural Science

BIRD MIGRATION

AS SPRING draws nearer and all the snow and cold weather disappears, everyone looks forward to the arrival of the first Robins. Their cheery song and their bright red breast give everyone a happy feeling and they know that spring is around the corner. To most people this is as far as the story goes. They know that there are other birds living in their locality during the summer and leave during the winter, but how many know why they leave or where they go?

There are many theories about this question but the most accepted one is that the migrating instinct of birds dates back to the glacial period. According to this theory, North America was inhabited by non-migrating birds, but as the Arctic ice-cap began moving south, the birds were forced to flee before it or starve. Now and then the ice receded and the birds returned, only to be driven back with the next onrush of ice. Thus, during these centuries of the advance and retreat of the glaciers, which became our present changing season, the birds acquired a habit, later becoming an instinct, of retreating south as cold weather approached and coming back again as the snow began to pass away.

Generally speaking, most birds migrate a considerable distance. Birds in Canada migrate to the southern part of United States and many cross the Gulf of Mexico to the South American shores and to the interior of this country. They usually spend their winters where food is abundant and where they are protected from birds of prey and hunters who kill them. There are a few species that only go south a few hundred miles to spend the winter. Robins and Meadowlarks are of this type.

As soon as the young birds are reared and able to shift for themselves, the families flock together and begin the long flight southward, around the first of September. The routes taken are as numerous as the species themselves, but most of them are well planned so as to afford adequate food while on the wing. Many birds fly at night; among these are the ducks, the geese, and the warblers. Others, including the swallows, and the hawks, travel by day. Those that travel by night have an advantage over those that travel by day because they can rest and eat in the daytime when it is easy to see, while the others have to feed at night or on the wing.

On the average the speed of birds while migrating is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, with fifty miles an hour being the greatest ever attained. A flight is about one hundred and twenty miles a day, except when they have to cross over large bodies of water such as the Gulf of Mexico. Often long rest periods are taken between flights, so that it often takes a month or more for a species to complete its trip.

Birds encounter many perils while flying. Thousands are killed annually by striking against lighthouse towers, which have attracted them in thick foggy weather. Others strike monuments such as the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour. Headlights of trains attract birds in a fog and often

they hurl themselves against the light with fatal results. Storms of wind and sleet often blow birds off shore where they struggle hard until they become exhausted and drop into the water and drown.

It is easy to see that our feathered friends endure great hardships and travel great distances yearly, to rear their young. Some travel thousands of miles to accomplish this one objective and often/ times this fails because of some prowling cat. More people are beginning to realize this through the country, and are doing a great deal to assist in the preservation and the study of birds and their habits such as described here.

—Ray Geere, 13A



PUBLIC SPEAKING

Standing (left to right)—Ted West, John Macgillivray.

Sitting (left to right)—Elaine MacDonald, Helen MacKinley.



EDITOR—*Ralston Annand*

WOSSA PUBLIC SPEAKING

We are fortunate in being able to resume Wossa activities, which during the war had to be discontinued. The S.C.I. and T.S. made a very good start this year in public speaking, with keen participation by every form in the school. The speakers were chosen by a system of elimination. First, the outstanding girl and boy contestants of each form were chosen. These junior form representatives (grades 9 and 10) gave their speeches in the assembly hall before an audience of their classmates in order to select the best junior winner, boy and girl. After a fair amount of careful deliberation by the teachers, it was decided that Helen MacKinlay of 9-12, whose topic was "Fifty Fathoms Under," won the junior girls' competition, and for the junior boys, Ted West of 10-C, with the subject "Ludwig von Beethoven."

The senior winners were picked in the same way. Elaine MacDonald of 12-B with the subject "Women's Part In The War," won for the senior girls, and Jack Macgillivray, of 13-A, whose topic was "Television," was the senior boys' winner.

The district contest followed. In the girls' public speaking, the S.C.I. and T.S. and Forest High School were the only schools represented. This contest was held in Forest, and our own girls, Helen MacKinlay and Elaine MacDonald carried off the honours. The boys' contest between the S.C.I. and T.S. and St. Patrick's High School was held in Our Lady of Mercy School. Ted West and Jack Macgillivray were excelled by Bruce Boa of Forest and Lawrence Power of St. Patrick's.



ROTARY SPEAKERS

Again this year senior assembly students were fortunate in hearing the four speakers brought here by the Sarnia Rotary Club for the people of the city.

Miss Cleo Dawson of Lexington, Kentucky, entertained us with lively accounts of her experiences in southern Texas, and her acquaintance with a German spy.

Mr. Landrum Bolling of Beloit, Wisconsin, who was during the war a war correspondent in the Mediterranean theatre, told us about post-war conditions in Central Europe and the need for understanding and cooperation between these people and us.

Mr. Gordon Powell of Melbourne, Australia, author of "Two Steps to Tokyo," spoke to us about his own country, Australia, and the great help rendered to the Australian and American forces by the Fuzzy Wuzzies of New Guinea.

Don Bolt, lecturer and writer of Brazil, Indiana, impressed upon us the great need for all to understand the ways of the peoples in other parts of the world as a means to foster peace. He gave us several examples how helpful certain of the South American republics were to the Allies during the war, facts with which many of us were not familiar.

Among the interesting speakers of the year was Miss Margaret Babington, C.B.E., honorary steward of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, who by means of her excellent slides took the senior assembly on a tour of that world famous edifice, Canterbury Cathedral. Each slide was a whole story in itself, as every scene portrayed had some connection with the medieval history of England and the murder of Archbishop Thomas Beckett.

On December 9th, Mr. Long of the Bell Telephone Company, spoke to the senior assembly on the advances made in telephone communication and the part it played in the war. Mr. Long enthralled his audience with the mysteries of Alexander Graham Bell's marvellous invention and some of his life as a young boy. By means of demonstration he told us about the means of communication used by the German, Japs, and Allied forces at the beginning of the war. These instruments were defective in various ways, and improved upon from time to time during the war. The telephone communication in Germany after the Allied occupation was found to be a great improvement over the earlier model. Similarly Mr. Long demonstrated each instrument which contributed to gradual improvement in telephone communication in the Allied forces.

Later Mr. Long demonstrated the cathode ray tube by which streams of electrons were made to vary according to sound put into the microphone, and these traced variable patterns on the screen; thus we saw sound!

Then the audience was amazed as it heard Mr. Long's heartbeat, pounding away as if workmen nearby were hammering at a giant stake with sledgehammers. Soon a new noise suggested the sound of the whole assembly hall being consumed by crackling flames, but in reality was nothing more than Mr. Long's arm and hand muscles contracting. These wonders were made possible by a minute disc-shaped amplifier.

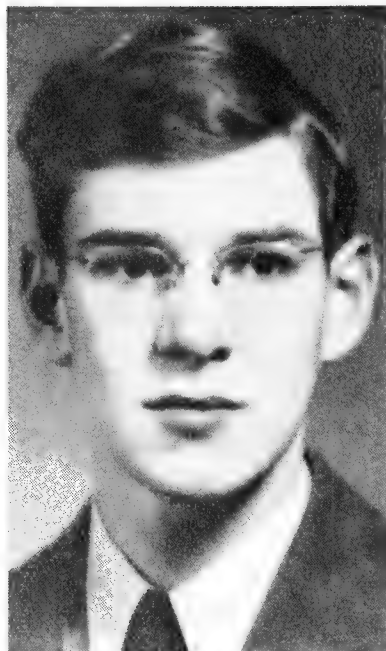
Mr. Long, in conclusion, said that we, likely to live during the next seventy years, are a most fortunate generation, for there will be more discoveries made in this time than in any other seventy year period. He compared the discoveries of the past few years with keys to doors of new discovery. These keys are waiting to be turned by people who have the nerve to open the doors and venture over the paths to which they lead. The opportunity is ours, of which to take advantage.

In January Mr. Hunter of the National Film Board visited the school and brought with him two films, which he showed to the senior assembly. The first one, "Target T.B.," was a very interesting film on the detection and cure of tuberculosis. The other, "Meet McGonegal," showed how McGonegal, who had lost both hands in the last war, could live like any other normal person.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



EDRA WOOLEY



STANLEY WALTERS

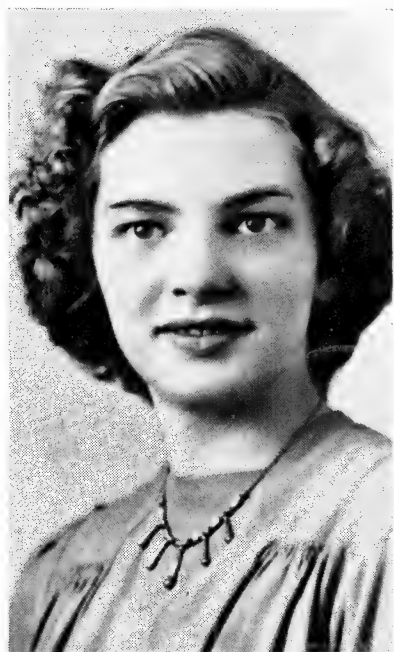


BRUCE SELMAN

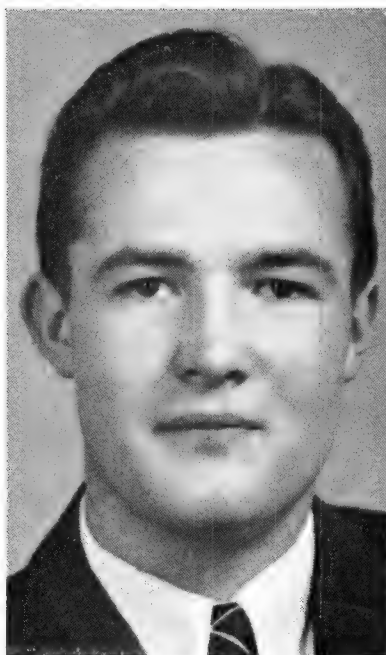
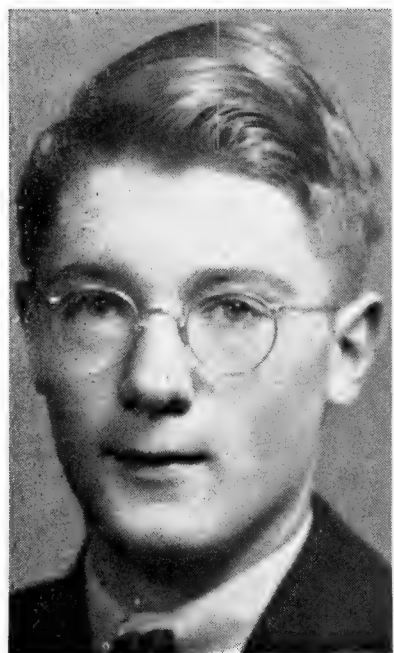


BEVERLY STONE

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



FRANCES ELDER

ROSS CUNNINGHAM
Winner of Strathcona Medal 1944-45

EDWARD BAGLEY



RUTH McCRACKEN

ARENA ESSAY AND POSTER CONTEST

In order to stimulate interest in Sarnia's coming arena project, the five service clubs of the city asked every public and secondary school student to write an essay on "Why We Need An Arena In Sarnia," and offered prizes for the best essays turned in. Here in S.C.I. and T.S., Pat Hartley of 13-B, came first, and Pat Norsworthy, of 12-A, second. A number of other students won smaller prizes.

To obtain good advertising for the arena, the service clubs at the same time sponsored a poster contest with substantial prizes for the winners. Jack Macgillivray, of 13-A, came first, Art Mustard, of 12-C, second, and Mary McLarren, of 11-A, third. Other students received smaller prizes.



Cletus: I have decided to reform, but there is one thing that worries me—
one thing I can't resist.

McClymont: And what is that thing?

Sloane: Temptation!

* * * *

Lois Finan: I had a good day in English today. I got a B in Comp. and a date for Friday.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back row (left to right)—A. Storey, L. Dennis, D. Lantz, B. Bradley, D. Godley, T. Hardy.

Middle row (left to right)—R. Dagg, T. Running, T. Kenny, D. Chate, Mr. Langan (advisor), D. Shanks, D. Palmer (president), G. Tithecott, B. Nelson.

Front row (left to right)—G. Cordey, D. Holmes, L. Burd, M. Jamieson, B. Atchison, S. Smith, F. Whitnell.

Incidental Announcements

STUDENTS GIVING ANNOUNCEMENTS

For the first time in several years the practice of students giving announcements in Assembly has again been resumed. Students are picked in alphabetical order, starting with the Upper School and continuing down through the various grades. During every assembly at Mr. Sinclair's beckoning, some shaky lad or damsel may be seen walking toward the front of the stage with the day's announcements clutched tightly in his hand.

VISUAL EDUCATION

Last period every Monday afternoon the grade niners go to the assembly for a period of visual education. This is a new project started this term consisting of movies, designed to help each student choose a vocation suited to his own aptitudes.

The Geography Club has been discontinued this year because many of the films shown during Visual Education periods would be the same.

THANKS TO ORCHESTRA AND BAND

For their never failing efforts during the past year to make our assemblies more interesting, the school wishes to thank Mr. Brush, the Orchestra, and Band.

ASSEMBLY SING SONG

A special feature of this year much enjoyed by the student body and teachers, (judging by response), is the sing song once a week in Assembly. Much credit is due to Mr. Sperling for his direction, to Pauline Wray for accompaniment on the piano, and to Russ Johnson for his operation of the slides.

CHEER LEADERS

To boost the morale of our school football and basketball teams, a number of husky-lunged students got together under the sponsorship of Mr. Durnford and formed the Cheer Leader Squad. During the football and basketball seasons this group, clad alike in sweaters of the school colours, faithfully followed our players around on their Wossa game trips.

Several new yells have been contributed this year to add to the team's already quite wide repertoire.

This year's yellers were: Dereck Chate, J. D. MacIntyre, Joan Cowan, Joan Dauphinee, Marjorie Burgess, Maxine Palmer, Dorothy Wells and Ray McDermid.



Duncan: Do you refuse to kiss me good-night?

Janet Helliwell: Well, I've never done it before.

Stew: What! Never been kissed?

Janet: No, never refused.



EDITOR—*Evelyn Aiken*

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement held on Wednesday evening, December 26th, at 8.00 o'clock was a particularly happy occasion for two reasons. In the first place, peace is with us and we welcomed back a great number of our former students who were in the armed forces, and secondly, it is also the first commencement officiated by our very popular principal Mr. Sinclair.

The programme commenced with musical selections by our School Orchestra, under Mr. Brush. During this period, the guests, Board members and teachers, were escorted to their seats on the platform. The girl graduates, dressed in colourful evening gowns were seated on one side of the auditorium and the boys on the other.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. H. H. Eyre, Chairman of the Board of Education, followed by remarks from Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair gave a resume of some innovations which were introduced into the school this year, also congratulated the graduates and wished them every success in their future endeavours. Following Mr. Sinclair's remarks, a poem, "For the Fallen" by Binyon was recited by Isabel MacTaggart in memory of our former students who gave their lives in this war and two minutes silence was observed as a tribute. We were then entertained by our Glee Club and we do wish to congratulate this splendid musical organization under the able leadership of Mr. Sperling. Their selections were very much appreciated by the audience. We were also favoured by a very fine selection by another talented artist, Douglas Shanks. Doug's Euphonium solos are always greatly appreciated.

At this time, the various scholarship awards, diplomas and honour certificates were presented. These awards were presented by various members of the Board, accompanied by appropriate remarks. To the recipients of these honours, we would like to add our own personal congratulations and the very best wishes for the future.

We now turn to the more serious part of the commencement. This is the valedictory address—the farewell of the graduating class, and the passing on of their traditions to the incoming students. The pupil honoured to give the valedictory address this year was M. Bruce Selman. Bruce was winner of the Queen's University Gordon Scholarship, the Dominion-Provincial Student-Aid Scholarship, the Carter Scholarship, and the Ramsay Memorial Scholarship. In addition to being a very attentive student, Bruce found sufficient time to be interested in other school activities. Bruce's message to the teachers, the pupils, and the audience was highly instructive and very much appreciated. Congratulations to you Bruce!

As in the previous year, the Commencement was arranged by the Students' Council and our thanks and praise must go to them for their very successful efforts. To make the evening a complete success, the annual "At Home" was held in the girls' gymnasium afterwards, where dancing to Ken Williamson's splendid orchestra was enjoyed by all.

P. H.



FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

On the day of September the 28th there was great . . . excitement (shall I say) when the youthful girls of grade nine were made ready! Yes, it was the day of the Freshettes' Initiation! While the Seniors rubbed their hands together fiendishly, the Juniors carried on bravely, yet with great wonder.

School that day was very much like a jam session of topsies, for each Junior was decked out with her crowning glory, a mass of pig-tails. These were gaily tied with gaudily coloured bows of all imaginable sizes.

As seven o'clock rolled around these quaking children took up their positions, ready for the fray! When the worst was over, and the storm became calm the Juniors were led in a solemn pledge and then everyone enjoyed themselves in a sing song led by Mary Jamison. To end the amusing evening, doughnuts and chocolate milk were served, and in conclusion, the Naaz March again brought to a close a most memorable day in the lives of both Juniors and Seniors.

P.S. — By the way boys, what happened to your initiation? ? ? ?



MASQUERADE BALL

An unusual and interesting event of last Fall was the Masquerade Ball, which was held in the boys' gym on Oct. 26, under the sponsorship of the So-Ed Club. The gym was gaily decorated with black and orange streamers.

There was much excitement and laughter as people went around trying to recognize their friends in unusual garb. Two bunnies hopping around the room kept everyone guessing most of the evening. A very unusual idea which caught the eye of everyone, was a ration book made of cardboard. Prizes were given for the best costumes and everyone then took off their masks to reveal their identity.

It was a very successful dance, and we are all looking forward to next year at the same time when we will be able to have another one. There will be new costumes and new ideas for everyone to laugh at.

CLUB EL COLEGIO—DECEMBER 13, 1945

On the fourteenth of December, 1945, the So-Ed Club presented Club El Colegio. The show was held in the auditorium; there was dancing in the girl's gym and refreshments in the boys' gym.

Before an audience of over 350, many members of the club displayed their various talents. The numbers ranged all the way from a barroom scene, in which everyone was killed by one of the newest members of the S.C.I.—Ralph Barford, to White Christmas as sung by Norman Ferguson—and very nice too.

A chorus of six handsome fellows and half a dozen glamorous gals sang the opening and the finale and a Moonlight Medley. The moon in the medley was a little peculiar!

Sarta was a little early last year and he left three lovely packages—Donna Luckins, Joy Barton, and Dora Mackenzie. Each package was further equipped with a beautiful voice. Also infested with the Christmas spirit were Barry Bell and Tom Sinclair, who warned everyone of the imminent approach of Santa Claus. We still wonder where Tom got that wig!

In a touching little epic called Sequel to Melodrama a new star was born. Al Pickering's vivid portrayal of Junior will live forever. Freddie Dagg and J. D. MacIntyre surpassed their former efforts; need we say more?

Many more numbers were fully enjoyed by all and we look forward to this organization's future productions. 'Nuff said!

**COMTECOLL**

An innovation in the annals of school history this year was Comtecoll ("come to call"). In addition to the dexterity of hidden meaning in this word, it also possesses an ingenious origin.

The name Comtecoll (COMmercial, TEchnical, and COLlegiate) brings together all the different courses in our school. It is an evening of recreation and entertainment held at the Collegiate every other week if possible. This evening is sponsored by the So-Ed Club, which designates certain leaders to be in charge of the entertainment for that evening. These leaders choose some twenty assistants to help them.

The programme is varied, with a great number of activities progressing at one time. One gym is usually given over to dancing, while active sports such as volleyball and box-hockey are taking place in the other. The ping pong tables are always popular on these nights and many a ping pong "champ" will receive his preliminary training here! For those who have possibly exhausted themselves through the week (perhaps dancing to Name Bands at Kenwick), there are the games of chess, checkers, poker, cribbage, and even bridge being held in several classrooms.

Also a very popular spot is the "restaurant" which is open all evening. One has only to proceed down to the West corridor to receive nourishment or to quench his thirst. The admission to this gala affair is merely ten cents of which the proceeds go to the Students' Council.

I am sure the whole school will agree with me that the Comtecoll evening is a great success and we wish to thank the So-Ed Club for their efforts in sponsoring this very enjoyable pastime. We would also like to thank the teachers who so kindly lent their patronage. Their kindness was greatly appreciated. Congratulations to Comtecoll!

AT HOME

To terminate very successful graduation exercises, the annual "At Home" was held in the girls' gymnasium. There was a definite "post-war" air to the dance, as many beautiful, once prohibited corsages were viewed. The gym was aptly decorated with blue and white streamers and the orchestra was well framed inside a so-called window hung with blue and white crepe paper curtains. The friendly atmosphere was also enhanced by the low false ceiling of many streamers.

Graciously receiving the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. VanHorne, and Mr. and Mrs. Eyre. The gay and tuneful strains of Ken Williamson's orchestra well entertained us and made us wish that the evening would last far into the morning. The Grand March was held after intermission. Refreshments were served, and dancing continued until 1 o'clock, at which time everyone retired to their homes to have very pleasant dreams!

CLUBS

CHESS CLUB

Shortly after the Christmas vacation, the School Chess Club was formed under the keen sponsorship of Mr. Marcy. About twenty-five members, both boys and girls, attend the meetings held each Monday after school in room 311. To help this club get started, the Sarnia Chess kindly lent three chess sets and boards. These are supplemented by sets belonging to the members.

Many students who knew nothing of chess have gone to the club to see just what it is, and have become very much interested in this entertaining game. Any who do not know the game are expressly invited to come to 311 on Monday afternoons, where members, already learned in the game, will soon teach you.

STAMP AND COIN CLUB

The Stamp and Coin Club was organized by Major E. E. Fielding in October in room 306. Don Hunt was elected president and Robert Thompson secretary-treasurer. The club has an average attendance of ten each week. During the weekly meetings Major Fielding gives the club a short talk on stamps after which the members busy themselves in consulting the catalogues and swapping stamps. Several of the members who collect coins carry on their business transactions here, trading stamps for coins.

INTER-SCHOOL FELLOWSHIP

A branch of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship was organized in Sarnia in October, 1945. Miss Taylor is the staff representative and Reverend James Pequenat of Courtright is the sponsor. The following are the members of the executive: President, Dorothy McCracken; vice-president, Shirley Munday; treasurer, Betty Abbott; secretary, Annabelle Marwick; social convener, Faye Palmer.

The purpose of the group is to develop Christian fellowship through prayer and Bible study. Meetings are held once a week, and the programs are varied by music. Bible quizzes and an occasional special speaker. In addition to the regular weekly meetings, the groups holds a social evening, known as "squash," about once every two months.

Both boys and girls are welcome to all meetings which are interdenominational in character. On the main bulletin board a notice is posted each week giving the time and place of the meeting.

ART CLUB

One of the most interesting and useful of the organizations in the school is the newly-formed Art Club, created last fall under the helpful guidance of Miss McLaughlin who has done much to keep it together and provide work for the members.

Meetings, held every Monday, have enough variety to prevent the procedure from becoming stuffy and uninteresting. Before the weather became too cold, members could go to the river to sketch, and at other times there are always posters to be done for various activities, such as rugby and basketball.

The officers are John Macgillivray, president, and Dorothy Evers, secretary.

GLEE CLUB

Once again for the first time in several years, a school Glee Club has been formed to accommodate the singing talent that has heretofore been drifting around our school unnoticed. Under the qualified leadership of Mr. Herman Sperling, this group of between thirty to forty girls has been formed into a real singing body. The girls attend practices every Wednesday after school, and are learning pieces containing two or three parts. Pauline Wray is the club's pianist and Joan Cordey, secretary, carries out the business.

The Glee Club has already made itself appreciated on several occasions this year—at the Commencement Exercises at Christmas time, and also in junior and senior assemblies.



GLEE CLUB

Back Row (left to right)—J. Gibb, S. Sparling, S. Brander, J. Cordey, F. Haas, G. Cordey, J. Plain, H. MacKinley.
Middle Row (left to right)—N. Campbell, R. Scott, M. Lethbridge, G. Miller, E. Stevens, F. Fawcette, C. Sameck, J. Farris, K. Truba.
Front Row (left to right)—P. Pringle, E. Skosov, J. Reid, D. Cook, D. M. Bvitt, H. Murphy, S. Regina, M. Farris.

THE SARNIADEUTSCHENSTUDENTENVERBINDUNG

The upper school German class organized a new club this year under the direction of Miss Heasman, called the Sarniadeutschenstudentenverbindung for the purpose of improving the members' vocabulary and conversational ability in German. Several members intend to be foreign correspondents and wish to be able to speak the language fluently. Each Wednesday the members bring their lunch, and meet in room 211, where nothing but German is spoken during the noon hour. English is strictly "verboten," and any forgetful individual lapsing into his native tongue is ostracized. Records pertaining to German, short skits, and speeches are featured at the meetings. The highlight of the year was the Christmas dinner held in room 301. The students enjoyed Truthahn mit Kronbeeresosse, Kartoffelblatterkuchen, Krautsalat und Essiggurke, Fleischpastete und Pfefferkuchen, and ended the feast with their favourite food—Chokolade mit Schlagsahne.

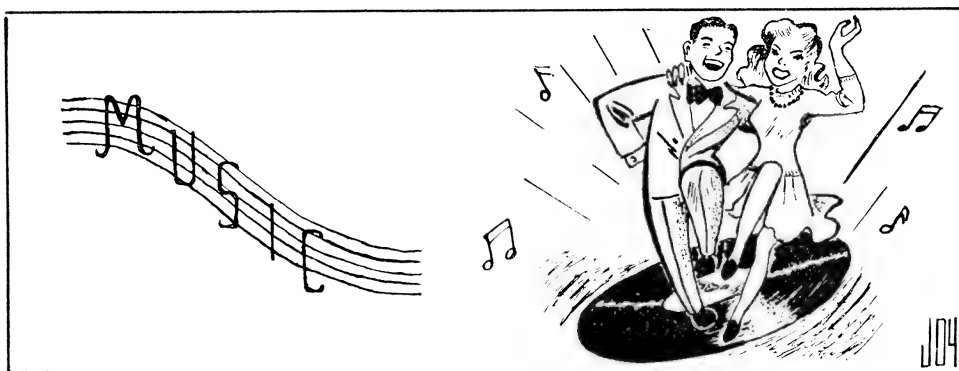
CAMERA CLUB

This year with the formation of the Camera Club students have the opportunity of exercising their own skills in the art of amateur photography. Bob Fisher, a former photographer in the R.C.A.F., started the club and began to instruct the members, along with the capable help of Peter Burns. Unfortunately, with Bob Fisher leaving school the club has had a setback, but with Pete Burns still here to carry on the job, it is hoped that the Camera Club may soon pick up.



SO-ED

Front Row (left to right)—Marion Slater, Bernice Friedman, Doug. Shanks, Barry Bell, Marjorie Burgess, Fran. Whitnell.
Back Row (left to right)—Mary Jamieson, Bill Wilkinson, Pauline Wray, J. D. McIntyre, John MacGillivray, Betty Burns, Art Fortey.



EDITORS—*Pauline Wray, Bill Wilkinson*

THE WRITERS OF THE HYMNS

WHAT is a hymn? The word comes from the Greek word "hymnos," which means "song," generally a song of praise. And that is what a hymn is or should be to-day — a song of praise and thanksgiving. The writers of hymns are very important people in the history of the world. Many of them are more influential than they ever dreamed. One of our grand old hymns:

"Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,"

was written by a boy! It was written by John Milton, the great poet, when he was only fifteen, studying at St. Paul's School.

The Jews sang hymns before Christ was born, and we still sing hymns written in Greek or Latin by the saints. The hymn beginning "O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace," was written by St. Ambrose, who lived his noble life fifteen centuries ago. A more famous hymn, "The day is past and over," is a translation from the Greek, in which it was written centuries ago by St. Anatholius.

Martin Luther was a very great hymn maker. "A mighty fortress is our God" is one of his best known hymns. People wandered all over Europe singing them as they went. They were carried into the castle of the noble and into the cottage of the peasant. We also owe a great debt for our hymns to the Wesley brothers. John Wesley wrote some hymns, but Charles Wesley, his brother and disciple, wrote about sixty-five hundred hymns. No other man ever had such a record. Of course they were not all high-class poetry, but some of them are still among the noblest verses in the hymn-book. Dr. Isaac Watts wrote over five hundred hymns, among them such treasures as "O God, our help in ages past" and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun".

The authors of some of the finest poems in the English language are unknown, for we have many fine hymns that cannot be traced to their writers. We have some written as they first appeared in English; we have some from unknown German and Italian authors, and nearly fifty from unknown Latin authors. "Adeste Fideles" or "Come, all ye faithful", is one of the most famous of those translated from Latin. But of the man who first conceived those grand old words we know nothing. On the other hand, we know rather too much about Nakum Tate, the author of the im-

mortal hymn "While shepherds watched their flocks by night". He lived in an age when it was not considered disgraceful to drink, and he was a drunkard.

Frances Jan Crosby, a very noble woman, lost her sight as a baby and never regained it. She received her education at a school for the blind, and devoted her life to making others good and happy. She wrote over three thousand hymns, of which one, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," is sung everywhere. To Phillips Brooks, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, the world owes a favorite Christmas hymn: "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Bishop Brooks was a celebrated preacher and an independent thinker. He died in Boston in 1893. Very few men receive such affectionate tributes as are paid to Henry Frances Lyte, an English clergyman who has laid in his tomb at Nice since 1847. Among the hymns that Lyte wrote was "Abide with me." He wrote it on the night that he preached his last sermon, thinking not of that one night's repose, but of his eternal rest. Now we sing it at the close of evening service in churches all over the world.

Over a period of hundreds of years, the works of these composers have accumulated and been compiled to form our present day hymn books. How few of us realize the number of people who contributed to them. Surely they have played a large part in the growth of the Church through the centuries.



SCHOOL BAND

Top Row (left to right)—J. Crawford, D. Eyre, M. Wilson, K. Sutton, W. Marshall, Doug. Shanks, G. Gander, R. Dailey, J. Widner, F. Dagg.

Middle Row (left to right)—Mr. Brush (Conductor), B. Van Alstyne, D. Park, A. Milner, D. Lewis, R. Allen, R. Geere, A. Mustard, Don Shanks.

Bottom Row (left to right)—G. Barnes, S. Shanks, H. Helliwell, E. Barry, T. Kenny, R. Treitz, L. Dennis.

THE DEAF COMPOSER

RECALL for a moment the great musical composer, Haydn. When Haydn was dying in Vienna, in 1809, the French were bombarding the town. Haydn's servants were terrified, but he took it all very calmly. He asked to be lifted from his bed to the piano and when he was seated, he played his own "Austrian Hymn" three times over, while the guns were pounding outside.

Now at that very moment, there was another composer in Vienna, crouching in a cellar, with cotton-wool stuffed in his ears. This composer was Beethoven. His hearing was beginning to go and he was afraid that the sound of the explosives would still further endanger it. Think of a musician being deaf! You might as well think of a painter being blind! Yet Beethoven, in some respects the greatest composer that ever lived, became almost totally deaf. The infliction embittered all his later years, and turned an originally lovable man into a kind of surly bear. Beethoven, like Handel, did not marry. He would throw the soup in his housekeeper's eyes when it did not please him, and stamp and rage and howl over the most trivial annoyances. Let us be charitable to him when we read these things.

But Beethoven with his deafness, had a very hard life. Born in 1770, at Bonn, a pretty little university town on the Rhine, where they have preserved his birthplace just as it was, he had to work his way up in a home directed by a father who was a habitual drunkard. The father, who was musical had heard something about the triumphs of the Mozart children in Vienna, Paris and London, and he thought he would make some money out of his own Ludwig. So he set him to work at the piano, and visitors would often see the child late at night shedding tears over the keyboard. When he was about seventeen he went to Vienna, where, it is said Mozart gave him some lessons in composition. A few years later he went again to Vienna to study, and made his home in that city the rest of his life.

When Mozart first heard him play he exclaimed: "Pay attention to this youngster, for he will yet make a noise in the world." We know how true that prophecy was.

Beethoven's works for the Piano, particularly his sonatas, are the grandest things of their kind ever written. Take away Beethoven's nine symphonies—the "immortal nine," as they are sometimes called—and we would take away the very backbone of music. He did not write very much for the voice, for he was essentially an instrumental composer, but he left one beautiful song, "Adelaide," and one great opera, "Fidelio." He passed away in March, 1827, at the age of 57, and Vienna never before saw such a funeral as his, the crowds being so immense that the soldiers had to be called out to clear a passage for the magnificent procession.



Marion Schell: Hey, Bet, what is a military objective?

Bet Buchanan: Walk by the boys on that corner and you'll find out.

* * * *

He had just stolen a hurried kiss.

M. L. Wadham (rather disgustedly): Don't you know any better than that?

Dean Hawley: Sure, but they take more time.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN IN MUSIC

IN THESE days when there are so many soloists on the radio, in concerts, and in motion pictures, most of us are so carried away by the ability of the individual artist, that we fail to notice the beautiful background being played by the orchestra. To the average listener this is the case, for after all, our whole attention is being appealed for by the soloist, while the orchestra sits in the background and is there for the sole purpose of supporting the performer. However, this background is carefully prepared so that it will give the soloist the most support possible without detracting the listener from the rendition of his solo.

Who then, is responsible for this accompaniment? It seems that many people are unaware of the number of men who spend years of work and study in developing an ability in this profession. These men are known as arrangers or orchestrators. They take the bare melody of a tune and create from it the beautiful score which you hear.

Only a person with an extensive knowledge of music and an abundance of originality can make a success of arranging. It is especially difficult to get started in this line of work, because of the scarcity of good teachers and texts. First, one must acquire a thorough knowledge of harmony and counterpoint and familiarize himself with the instruments for which he is going to write. After he is enlightened upon these fundamentals, the aspiring orchestrator puts himself to work, gaining experience by the trial and error method. At first he may have to follow examples of other men's work and, if he is fortunate, the student might be able to have his attempts criticized by someone who is already adept at this work. Even with this help, the man who wishes to be successful in this profession must keep working at it until he attains accuracy, originality, and speed.

The arranger is constantly confronted with new problems. One phase of arranging is the work done in preparing background or "mood" music for moving pictures. I have often remarked how perfectly the music fits into the scenes of the picture, how there is just the right type of music in the right place. In order to reach this state of perfection, the arranger has the film shown to him. He notes the exact times at which important events take place, the emotions displayed in them, and their duration. Then he is given a minimum of time in which to complete a suitable score, and must meet this deadline so that the picture can be shown at a planned premiere. However, this is not the best-known job of the orchestrator. His biggest job is in writing arrangements for conductors and soloists. In this work he tries to satisfy his clients and yet write the type of music which he himself enjoys most. Often arrangers become so tired of trying to satisfy the tastes of orchestra leaders and soloists, that they organize their own orchestras so that they can have their own style of music played in the way which they desire.

The arranger always remains in the background. His work is not done on a brightly-lighted concert stage or in a gaily-decorated ballroom. He receives few compliments from the listeners, and usually his name is not even known to them. So, the next time you are impressed by the music of a good musical organization or soloist, remember that the arranger contributes to this success, without making an appearance in the performance.

—Bill Wilkinson, 12B.

* * * *

"Really," said Maxine Palmer to a fresh fellow, "You take your arm from around my waist or keep it still—I'm no ukulele."



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Standing (left to right)—Miss Ramsden, Bill Bruner, B. Barnes, P. Van Alslyne, D. Guthrie, P. Wray, D. Eyre, T. Kenny, R. Geere, Mr. Brush (Conductor).
 Front Row (left to right)—R. Allen, W. Marshall, E. MacDonald, J. Fowley, E. Young, E. Gray.



PERCUSSION IN THE MUSIC WORLD

THE MUSIC we hear today has a colourful past. Whether you patronize classical music, modern jazz, or both, makes no difference. Both forms go back to 900 A.D. when an ambitious Italian, intrigued by musical sounds, laboriously devised the music staff and modern system of notation. Up until Guido d'Arezzo came along there was no accurate method of transferring musical sounds to the written page.

But long before d'Arezzo's time, even before the time of civilized man, savages in primeval forests had learned to utilize a crude form of music. That, of course, was percussion. By stretching the skins of animals across the open ends of hollow logs, it was possible to achieve a single tone musical effect. When more than a single drum of this sort was used, there resulted a series of different tones; and thus was the first music devised.

Primitive people used the drum as a sort of communication. Probably one day when Mr. Caveman was far from home he must have accidentally knocked his club against a hollow log and was surprised when his spouse told him she had heard it from far off in their cave. From then on he hit the hollow logs on purpose to notify Mom that he had been successful in a Dinosaur hunt and that Pop was bringing home the bacon (or should I say Dinosaur).

At any rate, the drum was one of man's first inventions, and he used it to express his moods, as a means of communication, and to entertain himself.

Now, hundreds of years later, it is still being used in much the same way. Great composers have recognized the value of the drum in a sustaining mood. Berlioz, for example, scored parts for sixteen kettle drums and ten drummers in his "Requiem."

Man has used the drum in peace and war, in happiness and sorrow. The roll of drums has been used to pay tribute to a nation's heroes, and to drum Russian Cossacks, riding at the French, beating on drums slung on either side

of their horses helped to turn Napoleon back from Moscow. Down through the centuries the drum, (and related percussion instruments) has been improved until today it is common practise, in symphonies and jazz combinations alike, for complex parts to be written for members of the drum family, just as they are. A drummer must be versatile. His sense of rythm must be

In the field of jazz music, especially, has percussion suddenly become a highly important, indispensable adjunct of a musical organization. Every great dance band in the world uses drums; and in virtually every instance, the most often publicized is the drummer, and, therefore, the most often featured member of each group.

Drummers like Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, and Dave Tough are not only excellent soloists but equally talented as "section men," or ensemble drummers. If they weren't they'd be unkown rather than internationally noted as they are. A drummer must be versatile. His seense of rhythm must be perfect. He must be proficient on the bass drum, struck by foot pedal; wood blocks; various cymbals; the snare drum, upon which he uses both sticks and wire brushes; cow bells; whistles; sock cymbals, also manipulated by foot pedal as well as by sticka and brushes; and any one of a dozen other implements including temple blocks, chimes, and in some cases, vibraharp.

In all the world there is but one nation without drums, that nation is Japan. All other nations have them and in most native areas it is the standard musical instrument. And so the world of music rolls on with the percussion instruments providing the beat and rhythm.

~



Friend: What will you do when you grow up to be a big woman like your mother?

Small Daughter: Diet!

* * * *

Hope: The doctor told a friend of mine that she mustn't neck.

T'erais: Gosh, was she sick?

Hope: No, she was the doctor's wife.

* * * *

Mitchell: What shall we do this afternoon?

Price: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the show. If it's tails we go to Port Huron. If it lands on edge we go to school.

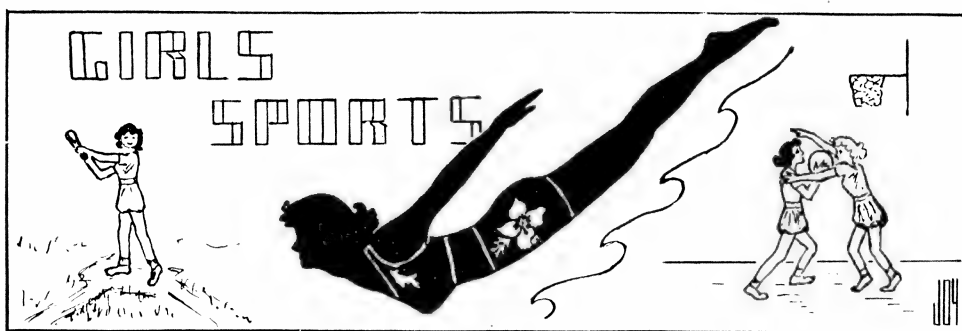
* * * *

Robert Thompson on the way to school and nearly late, prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late. Please don't let me be late. Then he happened to stumble and said: "you don't have to shove."

* * * *

"I can't marry you," said the justice of the peace. "A girl of seventeen must have her father's consent."

"Consent!" yelled the would-be groom; "say, who do you think this old guy with the shotgun is—Daniel Boone?"



EDITOR—*Joan Cowan*

GIRLS' SPORTS

ALTHOUGH the athletic activities of the girls for 1945-46 have not been completed, those that have been, have been most successful and most enjoyable for all who have taken part.

To Miss Ramsden especially, and also to Mrs. Winter, who so efficiently took over Mrs. Claxton's position when she left to be with her returned husband, and to Miss Wilson, our new gym instructress, we, of the Girls' Athletic Association want to extend our deepest thanks and appreciation for their understanding and assistance.

This year's athletic Executive is headed by the Honorary Presidents:

Mr. Sinclair Miss Ramsden Miss Wilson

President: Joan Cowan Secretary: Mary Jean Armstrong

Vice-President: Ruth Hawley Treasurer: Janet Helliwell

Curators

Track and Field, Fran Whitnell; Basketball, Lois Soper; Volleyball, Betty Byrns; Dancing, Marilyn Fox; Speedball, Jewell Dupee; Swimming, Catherine Overholt, (now Barbara Geddes); Badminton, Bernice Friedman; Softball, Hope Millholland.

I should like to take a little time to explain briefly, the work of the members of the executive. These twelve girls, representing the Girls' Athletic Association, meet on the first Monday of each month to discuss any business that may concern their activities and to record gym work in the form of marks. They also arrange the supervision of after-school activities.

Each girl on the G.A.E. has a particular night on which she supervises the games in the gym. It is her duty to engage referees, umpires, and score keepers, and to see that games are started on time. After the games are over she gives each girl who has played, credit for playing, and each girl who has refereed, umpired, and score kept, credit for officiating. These credits are given in the form of check marks. At this time she posts the games for the following day and prepares the score-sheets.

At the end of the month the check marks, which the girls receive, are totalled. Each month marks are given for attendance and costume. Also, posture tests are given several times and marks awarded according to the grade received. Marks are also given for swimming tests passed. For each game played, two marks are given, similarly for each game refereed. One mark each is awarded for an umpire or score keeping check. The captains of the different sports are voted on by their teams as to their efficiency



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row (left to right)—Fran Whitnell, Mary Jean Armstrong, Marilyn Fox, Mrs. Winters, Mr. Sinclair, Miss Ramsden, Ruth Hawley, Janet Helliwell.

Front Row (left to right)—Jewell Dupee, Lois Soper, Joan Cowan, Betty Byrns, Catherine Overholt, Bernice Friedman.

and marks are assigned according to the vote. Everyone who has played on the winning team receives a bonus mark of fifteen points, for those on the teams coming 2nd and 3rd, ten and five points are given respectively. The marks are posted each month and at the end of the year these are totalled.

The girl receiving the highest mark in the Senior Division receives the 1st S, the Intermediate winner, a 2nd S and the Junior, an engraved medal. Last year's winners were Ruth Hawley, Hope Millholland, and Carol McIntyre.

Those girls who receive 75% of the average of the ten highest marks (for Grade Nine it is 70%) receive the All Round Proficiency crests. Those receiving these crests for 1944-45 were: Ev. Aiken, D. Allingham, P. Armstrong, B. Biddlecomb, W. Brandon, J. Callum, B. Cook, A. Cowan, H. Dobroski, J. Dupee, F. Elder, B. Friedman, R. Hawley, P. Hartley, J. Helliwell, E. Isaac, M. Jennings, J. Johnston, M. Jones, B. Lawrence, N. LeSueur, M. Lucas, J. MacKinley, I. MacCullum, C. McIntyre, V. Miller, H. Millholland, P. Milne, E. Norwood, J. Palmer, B. Parker, S. Robley, J. Rosebush, E. Rutherford, L. Sands, M. Slater, P. Slater, N. Stratford, D. Teasell, F. Whitnell, E. Wooley.

A winner of a proficiency crest for three consecutive years is then presented with the 2nd S. Winners last year were J. Cowan, B. Friedman, R. Hawley, M. Jones, B. Lawrence, and P. Slater.

After each tournament, the executive arranges a party for all the captains of that particular sport and for the top three teams in each division, Junior, Intermediate, and Senior. Each girl on the winning team receives a crest and the captain is the recipient of a large banner for her home room.

THE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM DEMONSTRATION

After a dismaying postponement of the Gym Demonstration from June the sixth until a week later, June the thirteenth turned out to be a satisfactory evening. (Except for those mosquitoes!)

The programme was opened by the five hundred girls of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, dressed in blue and white, forming their traditional S.C.I. and T.S. on the rich green grass of the Athletic Park. After the formation was completed the girls came to attention, the audience rose, and God Save The King was sung. A brief speech by Mr. Harry Eyre, Chairman of the Board of Education, was given. Following Mr. Eyre's address a spectacular marching drill was done by the complete group.

Throughout the programme were dances performed by the grade niners then the second formers and on up until the grade thirteens were reached. Gymnastic exercises were artistically arranged and interspersed among the dances. There were a number of volunteer groups which provided interesting entertainment. Tumbling was done by a volunteer group from all grades, advanced Gymnastics from eleven, twelve, and thirteen, and finally the games skills from Grades nine and ten. Added to these groups was



GIRLS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing—Carol MacIntyre (Junior)

Sitting—Ruth Hawley (Senior), Hope Millholland (Intermed.)

a dance called "La Cucaracha" which took the audience of 2,000 down "South of the Border" to Mexico. This was a colorful dance of eight couples, the girls in white blouses and gaily coloured skirts and the boys (truly girls) in white blouses and dark slacks and large ten gallon hats.

Towards the end of the programme Mrs. F. Mills presented pins to the members of the Girls' Athletic Executive. Also, crests were presented for all around proficiency in Physical Education activities by Peggy Milne.

The programme was concluded by a dance done by the whole group and by Peggy Milne making a fitting presentation to Miss Ramsden and Mrs. Claxton.

It was a hot night, that night of June the thirteenth! The members of the School Band as well as the girls who took part were given frost bites, provided by the Board of Education.

Before concluding, it almost goes without saying what we, the girls, owe to Miss Ramsden and Mrs. Claxton. We enjoyed every minute of working with them and are looking forward to putting on another demonstration in the future.



Miss Taylor: Which would you desire most in a husband—brains, wealth or appearance?

Miss Harris: Appearance—and the sooner the better.

* * * *

A woman's intuition is about two-thirds suspicion.



CREST WINNERS, 1945

Back Row (left to right)—P. Hartley, J. Dupee, V. Miller, S. Robley, M. Jones, J. Cowan, E. Rutherford, B. Lawrence, E. Aiken.

Middle Row (left to right)—R. Hawley, P. Slater, C. MacIntyre, B. Biddlecombe, A. Cowan, M. Lucas, H. Millholland, B. Friedman, J. Helliwell, E. Whitnell.

Front Row (left to right)—J. Saunders, M. Slater, W. Brandon, M. Jennings, J. Palmer, J. Callum, I. Isaac, P. Armstrong.



GIRLS' SWIMMING

Back Row (left to right)—E. Hastings, T. German, J. Dupee, J. Field, I. White, L. Street, J. A. Daws, M. Sinclair.

Middle Row (left to right)—H. Kettle, M. Quinn, S. King, E. Heisler, C. McIntyre, W. Matthews, M. Trotter, S. Wilkinson, L. Jackson, B. Timpson.

Front Row (left to right)—F. Haas, M. Edgar, K. McLaughlin, B. Marshall, B. Brock, M. VanAlstyne, M. Humphries, J. Weirenga, M. Skerratt, M. Huggett, G. Whitely, E. Swartz.

SWIMMING AND LIFE SAVING

1945 was a very small year for Swimming and Life Saving due to the demonstration which was put on in the Spring of 1945, and the keen interest and activity shown in the competition for the Cochrane Cup by the girls of the S.C.I. However, we hope that the girls will come back into the competition for the Cup with renewed vigour and interest this year.

Incidentally, we are having some work done to our pool. It is being sound-proofed and insulated for the further convenience and comfort of the students. Also, the showers adjoining the pool are being remodelled and repaired.

Following is the list of girls and the Life Saving awards won by them during the year 1945: Bar to Silver, Joanne Brown, Janet Helliwell; Bar to Bronze, Janet Helliwell, Shirley Robley; Bronze Medallion, Lorraine Burd, Carol McIntyre.

This Fall, there was keen interform competition to see which form could pass the most tests and swim the most lengths. In the Senior division they ranked as follows: First—C-11-B under Catherine Overholt; Second—11-A under Barbara Geddes; Third—12-A under Ruth Hawley.

In the Intermediate division, the winning teams were as follows: First—10-A under Betty Parker; Second—10-B under Jean Callum; Third—C-10-B under Lorraine Burd.

For the Juniors, the winning teams were; First—9-11 under Marion Humphries; Second—9-12 under Gwynneth Cordey; Third—9-10 under Janet Fowlie.

* * * *

Mrs. Friedman: Well, have you made up your mind to stay in?

Bernice: No, I've made up my face to go out.

BASKETBALL

Last year's basketball tournament was the scene of keen competition, especially in the intermediate and senior grades. First place in the senior division (grades 11 and 12) was awarded to 13-A under Peggy Milne, while 11-A and 12-A came second and third respectively. In the intermediate division 10-B led by Barbara Biddlecomb came through as victors, followed by 10-D(1) in second place and 10-D(2) in third. For the juniors Jessie McIntosh led her 9-10 team to victory, with 9-5 placing second and 9-7 third.

This year we are trying out, in a very small way, an extension of our usual form of competition. Some time, during the basketball season, we plan to invite two or three class teams from St. Patrick's High School to play against the leading class teams in our own school competition. If this experiment proves successful we may, another year, extend it to include more activities, more schools, and more games.

The G.A.A. was responsible for sending a representative of the school, Evelyn Aiken to Londo nCentral Collegiate where she took a course in official basketball. She tried and successfully passed the tests. The main purpose was that Evelyn should help the girls of S.C.I. with basketball refereeing.

BASEBALL 1945

Good weather and good sportmanship made this year's baseball tournament highly successful. The championships were well contested.

For the seniors, Ruby Lamb led her C-12 team to victory with 13(1) placing second and C-11-A third. C-10-A under Anne Marciak triumphed over the other intermediate teams with 10-D second and 10-A third. For the juniors, 9-10 captained by Jean Gray ranked first, with 9-12 second and 9-11 third.



GIRLS' BASEBALL

Back Row (left to right)—D. Willock, D. Crawford, C. Barr, B. Taylor, R. Lamb, B. Lawrence, B. Humphries, I. Randall, A. Hill.

Middle Row (left to right)—J. E. Murray, S. Brooks, O. Purvis, B. Neubaer, D. Robertson, A. Marciak, H. Hickin, M. Farris, T. Rowe, D. Taylor, J. Cater, J. Forbes, D. Dunn.

Front Row (left to right)—J. Fowlie, D. Stewart, L. Brown, F. Ellis, J. Gray, P. Pringle, H. Sparling, D. Creasey.



GIRLS' FIELDBALL

Back Row (left to right)—M. Fraser, A. Finn, L. Burd, H. McGirr, M. Wilson, J. Palmer, N. Graham.

Front Row (left to right)—V. Marshall, H. Beer, J. Wright, J. Sayers, V. Racz, E. Grant, A. Capes, J. Thorner.

SPEEDBALL, FIELDBALL AND CAPTAINBALL

The Speedball, Fieldball and Captainball tournaments were rather disappointing.

The grade nine girls were very enthusiastic captainball players. In the finals, however, there were some irregularities in the observance of this tournament's regulations, and it was decided by the Athletic Executive that the whole of the Captainball tournament be discontinued.

It was hard to disappoint those who had played so eagerly but it was felt that the lesson in good sportmanship was even more important for the grade 9 girls.

Only two girls qualified as officials for Speedball, so it was impossible to conduct the schedule of Speedball games already arranged.

Grade 10 carried on a successful Fieldball tournament the winning team being C-10-B(2). This team was led to victory by her captain, Jane Sayers.

VOLLEYBALL

For the past number of years, our school "mag" has gone to press before the Volleball tournament has been completed. Last year, we had a very successful contest, and the girls participated with keen interest. In the Senior grouping, 13-A with Pat Hartley as captain, held first place. In second and third places, came 13-B, captain Barb Moore, and C-11-B, captain Shirley Price. C-10-A led the Intermediates, captained by Donna Holmes, and 10-D and 10-B, captained by Joy Moore and Marjorie Young respectively, took second and third places. The Juniors entered enthusiastically into the

contest, and 9-5 came out with top honours under their captain Wilda Brandon with 9-8 captained by Mary Burr and 9-4 by Eila Kuosmanen taking 2nd and 3rd places. Volleyball holds interest for many in the school and it has recently been added to the list of games to be played at Com-te-coll on Friday evenings. The girls are looking forward to the 1946 contest with enthusiasm, and we hope it will be as successful as the one last year.

BADMINTON AND DECK TENNIS

In the badminton and deck tennis tournaments, actually three types of games were played in four separate tournaments. Both grades 9 and 10 played group deck tennis, grade 11 played group badminton (4 players), and the senior grades, regulation badminton. Competition in all games was keen, made evident by the number of play-offs and ties at the end of the tournaments.

In the senior badminton tournament Florence Jewitt's 12-A team scored over 13(1), captain Bernice Friedman, and 13(2), under Maxine Palmer. These teams came in second and third respectively after several exciting play-off games.

The grade 11 pennant was awarded to 11-B(1) led by Terais Hughes, with 11-A, under Anne Cowan, taking second place, while 11-B(2), captain Ruth West, was third.



GIRLS' DECK TENNIS AND BADMINTON

Back Row (left to right)—M. Jones, F. Jewitt, L. LeNeve.

Second Row (left to right)—H. Millholland, Y. Morrison, J. Farris, E. Rutherford, T. Hughes, P. Maclean, R. Hawley, M. Hughes, E. Dove.

Third Row (left to right)—A. Capes, H. McGirr, N. Graham, M. Wilson, L. Burd, J. Palmer, M. Bedard.

Fourth Row (left to right)—J. Henderson, J. Plain, P. Knutt, J. Maness, J. Boulton, A. Rausa, V. Carter, B. Johnstone, M. Davitch.

The deck tennis tournaments raged hard and long. After many ties, C-10-B(2) under Marguerite Wilson succeeded in undoing 10-A, captain Sally Wilkinson, and 10-D, captain Frances Feargue; both teams achieved second place honours.

Equally interesting were the junior games. The beginners showed considerable skill and ability. The results were 9-6(1) first, under Jean Punch; 9-5, second, under Valma Trumble; tied with Joan Boulton's 9-6(2) team.

The tournament offered the opportunity to officiate as well as play the games. In this way many benefited even more from the tournament.

TRACK AND FIELD

Once again, the girls had a successful field day competition which took place on October 9, 10, and 11. The girls, in teams, participated in such events as high jump, broad jump, basketball shooting, and throw-for-distance, softball pitching, and throw-for-distance and many varied relays.

The winners in the senior division were: 13(1) with captain Patricia Hartley finished on top, in second place was 13(2) with captain Fran Whittell, and 11A with captain Joyce Kent took third place. The intermediate results were 10C under Mary Kingdon in first place; C-10-A(1) with captain Margaret Haddon was second; and third was Joan Walker's C-10-A (2). In the junior division 9-8 (2), captain Donna Young was first; 9-10 was second under Lois Brown; and 9-8 (1) with captain Shirley Campbell was third.



GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD

Back Row (left to right)—M. Fox, M. Palmer, V. Hunt, J. Cowan, P. Hartley, H. Passmore, B. J. Gray, L. Laughlin, J. Helliwell.

Middle Row (left to right)—W. Brandon, J. Palmer, J. Borthwick, E. Quosmanen, V. Selman, P. West, I. Isaac.

Front Row (left to right)—S. Scarrow, J. Saunders, P. Armstrong, M. Brazeau, H. Pelarik, I. Walley, P. Tuer, M. West.

BOYS'

EDITOR
Mike Turner



WOSSA RUGBY

This year the S.C.I. and T.S. produced a brilliant Senior Wossa Rugby team to represent it in the struggle for the Wossa title. The end of the war lifted the damper on closed Wossa activities, and Our Team surged ahead for the Championship only to be offset in the final game by the heavy Guelph team. The scintillating spirit possessed by the boys has seldom been equalled on rugby teams. Much of their success was due to the expert coaching and leadership given them by Mr. Newell and Mike Clawson. Following is an outline of the season:



BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row (left to right)—Jack Karn, Dean Hawley, Mr. O'Donohue, Neil Pole, Ross Allen.

Back Row (left to right)—Tom Kenny, Joe Hackney, Mr. Newell, Don Guthrie.



CHEER LEADERS

Dereck Chate, Maxine Palmer, Marjorie Burgess, Joan Cowan, Dorothy Wells, Joan Dauphinee, J. D. MacIntyre.

September 28—The team journeyed down to Chatham for the opening game of the year. After a slippery battle the Sarnia team emerged victorious over Chatham Collegiate Institute 6-4. This gave Sarnia her first game in the St. Thomas, Chatham, Sarnia group.

October 5—The St. Thomas Collegiate Institute team paid Sarnia a visit. The game was close and both teams showed remarkable fight and good spirit. The game was won by Sarnia with a slight edge of 4-3.

October 12—The St. Thomas Vocational School was defeated by the locals 19-0 at the Athletic Park giving the school three straight wins.

October 17—The C.C.I. team paid Sarnia a return visit to be severely trounced 23-1 by the locals.

October 20—This date marked a colourful event in the year. The "Blue and White" journeyed to Port Huron to meet the famed "Red and Whites" of Port Huron. This was not a Wossa game but has taken place down through a number of years of school history. When the dust settled on the field of battle we found ourselves defeated 27-2, the first defeat of the season.

November 2—Back to Wossa activities. St. Thomas Vocational met its second defeat from our team in St. Thomas with a score of 13-5.

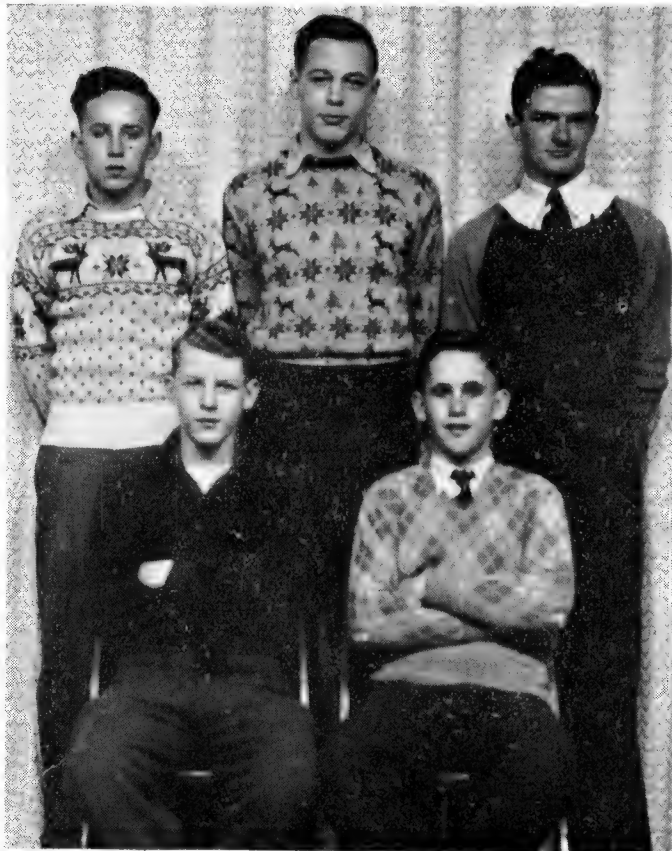
October 26—Marked the second close battle with St. Thomas Collegiate with the locals emerging victorious in their groups 2-1. This game was played in St. Thomas and many of the students went down to see the game.

November 9—The school entered the quarter finals against Woodstock Collegiate in a sudden death game. In the first three quarters of the game an almost certain victory appeared in Woodstock's favour. The locals seemed cold and unable to get going. With only a few minutes remaining, the boys with lots of fight and luck tied the score. After an overtime period the S.C.I. came out on top 7-6.

November 16: The preceding victory sent the team on to the semi-final, sudden death game with Windsor Vocational School, played in Windsor. This game was classed as the upset of the year, as we emerged on top 6-3.

November 24: The S.C.I. had once again earned its way to the Purple Bowl, and faced the Guelph team with high spirits and hopes of clinching the title. In this game Sarnia met her first Wossa defeat of the season 18-9, as Guelph Collegiate carried away the Wossa Championship.

This year we welcomed back many fellows from the Armed Forces, who contributed greatly to the team's success. The effort put forth and the

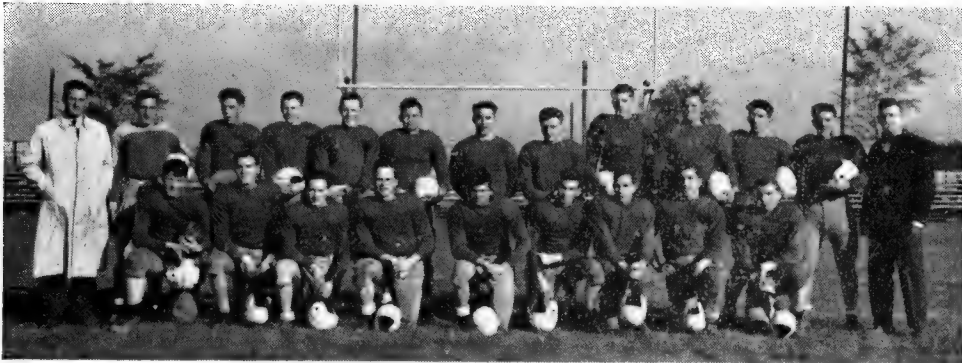


FIELD DAY CHAMPS AND RUNNERS UP
Standing—Reg. Spradbrow, J. Walker, D. Lang, (winners).
Sitting—N. Johns, D. Spradbrow, (runners up).

standing achieved are greatly admired by the student body. One for all and all for one—these are the fellows that carried the School Colours to the field of battle.

B. Smith—"Smitty"—end.
 H. Henry—"Hank"—end. Played against St. Pats and Port Huron).
 G. Smola—"Georgie"—inside.
 J. Lewis—"Big Louie"—inside. (Jack) suffered a broken ankle in the early part of the season.
 J. McClymont—"John"—end.
 F. Dagg—"Freddie"—right half.
 J. Swartz—"Jerry"—quarterback.
 Doug. Cole—"Sandy"—quarterback.
 L. Gladdy—"Lee"—snap.
 Don Mattingly—"Mat"—snap.
 Ross Cunningham—"Cot"—middle.
 Roy Garrison—"Roy"—middle.
 W. Marshall—"Wes"—centre half.
 Don Knowles—"Sleep"—end.

Don Guthrie—"Gus"—left inside.
 Neil Pole—"Homer"—flying wing.
 Stew. Duncan—"Dunc"—flying wing.
 Willard Sloan—"Willie"—middle.
 S. McCollum—"Stewie"—middle.
 Dave Kilbreath—"Fatso"—centre half, who developed a bad knee in the second St. Thomas game.
 Dave McCrae—"Knobby"—quarterback.
 H. Young—"Hank"—flying wing.
 Neil Craig—"Sihe"—quarterback.
 Walter Billock—"Walt"—right half—who suffered a broken nose in the Port Huron game.
 B. Phillips—"Bill"—end.



SENIOR WOSSA FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right)—L. Newell (coach), S. McCollum, R. Cunningham, D. Cole, L. Gladdy, F. Young, J. Swartz, R. Finley, W. Phillips, R. Garrison.
 Second Row (left to right)—M. Wilson, W. Marshall, N. Pole, D. McCrae, F. Dagg, D. Kilbreath, W. Billick, J. Lewis, G. Smola, D. Knowles, J. McClymont, R. Allen (trainer).



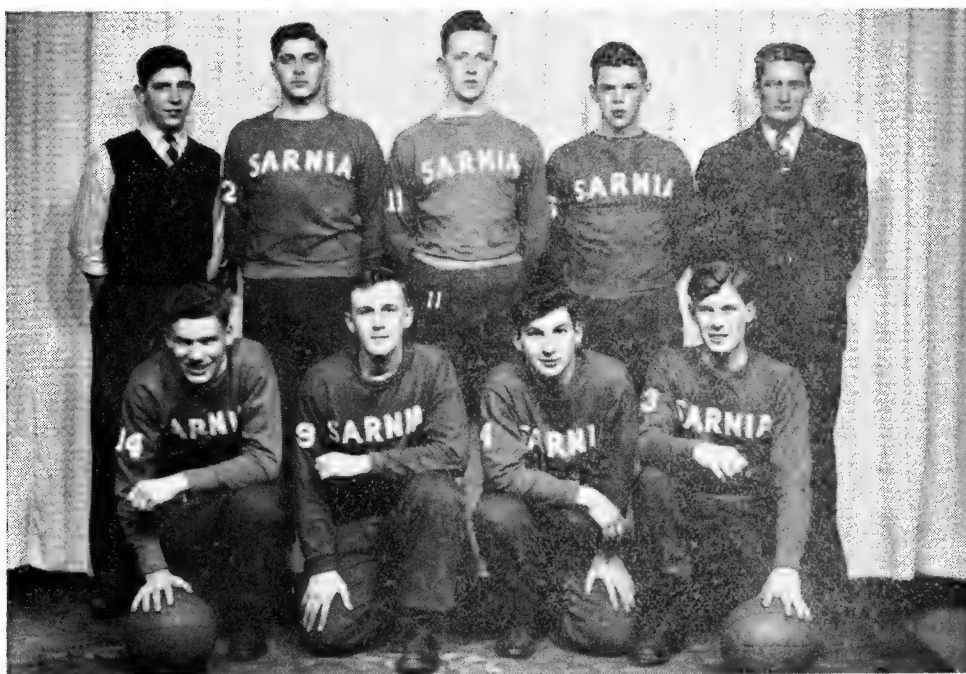
Mendy: How come you get five bullseyes? The range is 20 yards but your sights are set for 10 yards.

Whitnell: See that partition half-way down there? Well, I'm bouncing them off that.

* * * *

Mr. Langan: My wife can't figure me out. Can yours?

Mr. Ritchie: I don't know. She never mentions your name.



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Harold Henry (assistant coach), Jack Lewis, Dereck Chate, Wes Marshall, Coach L. Newell.

Front Row (left to right)—Alf. Handy, Dan Brown, Jerry Swartz, Norm Anderson.

WOSSA BASKETBALL

The spirit and determination shown by the boys in rugby was by no means lacking in the Basketball season. The fellows who turned out for practices and played the games showed undying fight. After a tough battle with the Chatham team the Locals secured their group title and advanced into the Wossa Senior "A" semi-finals against London Central. The semi-finals were played off in two games, one here and one in London with total points to count. The outcome was a victory for the Londoners with a total score of 58-57. During the season there were many colourful games such as those against St. Stephens and Port Huron High. The boys on the team took a keen interest in their work and gave themselves nick-names based on that famous fictional charter, Dick Tracy. They could never have gone as far as they did without the splendid leadership of coach "Diet" Newell, who faithfully held them to a "scrimmage" in the gym every night.

THE TEAM

| | | |
|---------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Don Guthrie | centre | "Prune Face" |
| Derek Chate | guard | "Shaky" |
| Dan Brown | forward | "B. O. Brown" |
| Norm Anderson | forward | "Stone Face" |
| Jerry Swartz | forward | "B. B. Eyes" |
| Ralph Backman | forward | "Limpy" |
| Wes. Marshall | guard | "Itchy" |
| Alf. Handy | forward | "Flat Top" |

BASKETBALL

Exhibition game with St. Stephens of Port Huron 59-17 (for Sarnia) in Sarnia December 18, 1945.

Chatham Collegiate Institute vs. Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School 23-19 (for Chatham) in Sarnia Jan. 18, 1946.

Chatham Collegiate Institute vs. Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School 24-24, in Chatham February 1st, 1946.

Chatham Collegiate Institute vs. Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School 38-32 (for Sarnia) to win District Wossa Championship, in Chatham February 15, 1946.

London Central Collegiate Institute vs. Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School 33-31 (for London) in Sarnia March 12, 1946.

London Central Collegiate Institute vs. Sarnia Collegiate Institute & Technical School 26-25 (for Sarnia) in London March 15, 1946. Wossa Senior "A" finals.

London won out 58-57 on round.

* * * *

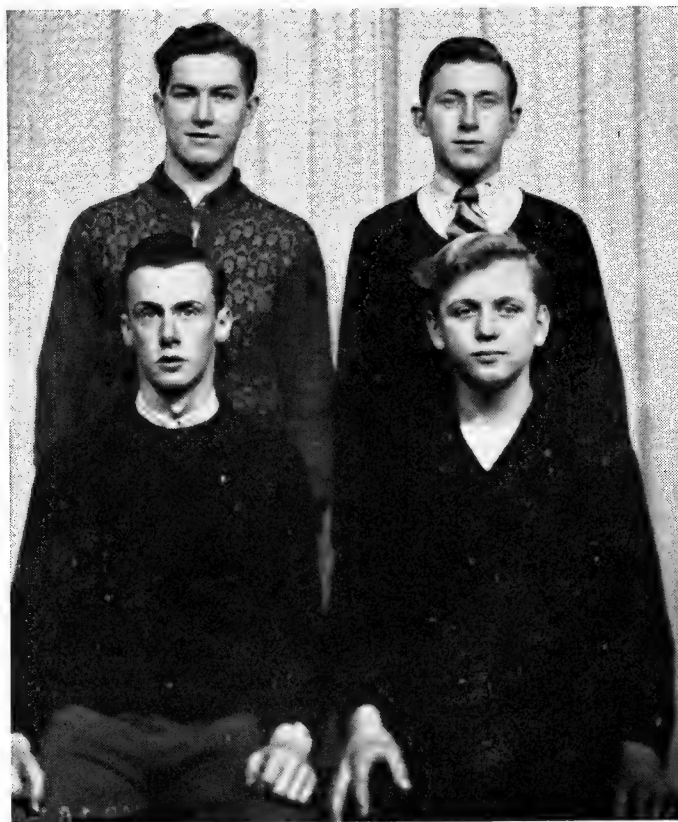
Very Dumb Student (any resemblance to you is coincidental): If a boy is a lad and the lad has a step-father, is the boy a step-ladder?



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—B. Baldwin, E. Haddon, W. Colotelo, R. Spradbrow, D. Corey, E. Bayduk, K. Grant.

Front Row (left to right)—A. Pickering, Kimball, D. Hunt, D. Macgillivray, B. Macdonald, G. Arblaster.



BOYS' SWIMMING CHAMPS

Standing—Tom Handy (Intermediate), Ross Allan (Senior)
 Sitting—Jack Widner (Junior), Alex. Grobovi (Juvenile)



Mr. Marcy: Figures can't lie. For instance, if one man can build a house in twelve days, twelve men can build a house in one day.

Puzzled Student: Then 288 men will build it one hour, 17,280 men in one minute, and 1,036,800 in one second. I don't believe they could even lay one brick in that time.

* * * *

"I suppose you've been in the Navy so long that you are accustomed to see legs?"

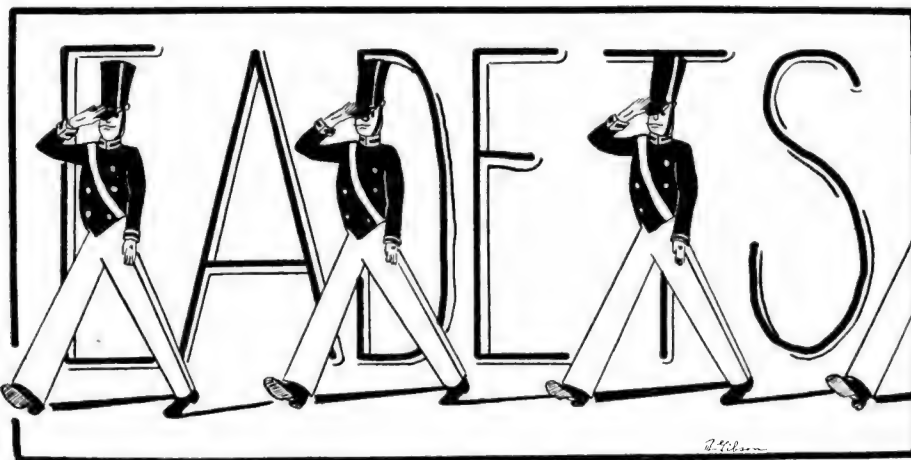
Stew Duncan: Honest, lady, I wasn't even lookin'.

* * * *

Roberta: I'm sorry, Tom, but I've some bad news for you tonight. I am calling off our engagement.

Tom: Why, what happened?

Roberta: I visited a fortune-teller this afternoon, and she told me I am going to marry a handsome man.



Editor—Ross Cunningham

CADETS — 1945-46

This year the Cadet Corps is receiving year-round training. Since early fall, "A" Company has drilled last period on Wednesday and "B" Company has received instruction during the last period on Thursday.

This year cadet training is not compulsory for Grade XIII and no time is allowed during training periods. As a result the Corps has operated fall and winter under N.C.O.'s and instructors.

Instruction periods this year are conducted under the expert guidance of Capt. F. E. O'Donohue, Capt. W. B. Ritchie, Mr. Newell and C.S.M. Squires from M.D. No. 1.

The signallers have been practising diligently under the instruction of Capt. Ritchie. Capt. Ritchie has had several successful semaphore signallers and expects a class to try exams for the Senior Morse Certificate.

SHOOTING 1945-46

ARMY CADETS

AIR CADETS

This year the range activities of the Army Cadets have been under the supervision of Mr. A. D. C. Billingley.

The most successful event of the season was the firing of at least 25 rounds by every cadet. Many Cadets were qualified as snipers with a score of 58 or more out of a possible 60. Nearly 200 fired over 34, which is regarded as a satisfactory score.

In early fall a 12-man team was chosen to represent the corps in various competitions throughout the year. They entered the Province of Ontario Challenge Shield Competition and now are engaged in firing a D.C.R.A. Competition in which several cadets are turning in high averages.

Four cadets were chosen to represent the corps in the F.O. Mendizabal Memorial Trophy Competition. They were:

Lt. Ross Cunningham, Lt. Davis Smith, Pte. Jack Whitnell, Pte. Arthur Storey.

AIR CADET SHOOTING

Edited by J. Lynden

This year the Air Cadets were late comers to the range. They did not get started till shortly after Christmas. However, they are improving rapidly and expect to have a good team ready shortly. They are entered in the D.C.R.A. competition and are not doing too badly.

The following cadets were chosen to represent the Air Cadets in the shoot for the F.O. Mendizabal Memorial Trophy:

W.O. J. Lynden, Cpl. A. Pickering, Cpl. T. Running, L.A.C. Bice.

The Air Cadet range work this year has been under the able direction of Mr. Needham, an ex-R.C.A.F. armament instructor, who is now on the teaching staff of the school.

A. R. MENDIZABAL MEMORIAL TROPHY

This competition, fired on March 7, proved to be the keenest competition of the season. The trophy was ably won by Jack Whitnell with a high aggregate of 254 out of a possible 300. Runners-up were J. Lynden 252 and B. West 246.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Needham and Mr. Mendizabal for their promotion of range activities this season.



CADET INSTRUCTORS

Back Row (left to right)—Mr. Newell, Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Little.
Front Row (left to right)—Mr. Ritchie, Mr. O'Donohue.

LORD STRATHCONA COMPETITION

This competition for the best shot in the school was won for 1944-45 by R. Cunningham with an aggregate score of 265 out of a possible 300.

Unfortunately at the time of writing the competition for 1945-46 had not been fired.

ANNUAL INSPECTION, MAY 1945

The 102nd Corps, Royal Canadian Army Cadets, favoured by fair weather, turned out in full strength to climax a very successful year by placing high in Cadet Corps of M.D. No. 1.

Highlights of the afternoon included the traditional route march; the salute at Victoria Park; a surprise visit by Brigadier Ernshaw; a formal inspection of the Corps by Major Young; company and platoon drill; a signalling demonstration by Capt. W. B. Ritchie and his signallers; an excellent display of mass P.T. arranged by Capt. F. E. O'Donohue and Mr. Newell.

The ceremonies were concluded by the forming of the traditional square and the presentation of marksmanship medals, signalling certificates and officers pins. In short addresses, both Brigadier Ernshaw and Major Young commended the officers and cadets on their splendid showing and unexcelled discipline.

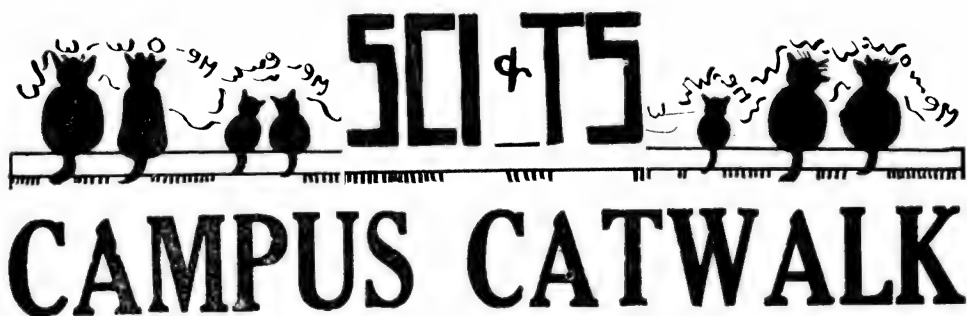
That evening the Corps sponsored the Annual Cadet Ball which proved to be one of the social highlights of the season.



ARMY CADET RIFLE TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Phil Morgan, Roy Garrison, Dan Young, S. D. Smith, Arthur Storey, Walt. Murray, Jack Whitnell.

Front Row (left to right)—Don Lantz, Bob Marsden, Bill Colotello, Leon Bach, Ross Wise, Jack Groome.



SCITS

CAMPUS CATWALK

DAFFYNITIONS

- Oxide—outer covering of an ox.
 Secret—the shortest distance between two women.
 Chesterfield—piece of furniture made to hold three people with an arm at each end.
 Love—one game not postponed because of darkness.
 Gossip—a woman with a strong sense of rumour.
 Pedestrian—man with a car and a family of high school boys.
 Homework—an unpopular way of getting smart.
 Glamour—something that evaporates when the sweater is too large.

LATEST SONG HITS

- It's a Grand Night for Singing Club El Colegio
 No Can Do Skip
 Temptation Port Huron
 I Wish I Knew The Answers—let's see your paper
 I'll Buy That Dream Graduation
 Autumn Serenade School Yells
 I'm Gonna Love that Guy Marilyn Fox
 Our State Fair Briden Fair
 It's Been a Long Long Time W.O.S.S.A.
 Some Sunday Morning Cadet Church Parade
 Slowly We move from class to class
 If I Knew Then Fifth Form repeaters
 Dig You Later At Bonner's
 One-sey Two-sey Mr. Marcy's Math class

HEARD COMING HOME FROM THE PLAY IN LONDON

- But why did Julius Caesar?
 —Put Barford off the bus!
 —STOP THAT!!!!
 —Down with the chaperones!
 —On the Atcheson, Topeka and Etc.
 —Pass 'er back.
 —No, I will not sit on your knee!
 —Have some peanut brittle?

Girls: Remember, you only get out of a sweater what you put into it!

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT SONG?

DEAREST DARLING:

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME, since I've had LOVE LETTERS from NANCY WITH THE LAUGHING FACE. I thought she was an ANGEL but she said "IF I LOVED YOU, you'd have to PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER." Since I'm no DOCTOR, LAWYER OR INDIAN CHIEF, I BEGGED HER to wait. Then I warned her that SOON, A DOOR WILL OPEN if she tells JOSE GONDOLES to DIG HER LATER in the MIDDLE OF MAY, and instead of being TOGETHER TILL THE END OF TIME, I'LL WALK ALONE. SLOWLY she realized that I was just a KID NAMED JOE in a BLUE SERGE SUIT and left me listening to a SYMPHONY. On the table I found a STORY OF TWO CIGARETTES and settled down to read and listen to the NIGHTINGALES. I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU that while I LET IT SNOW, IT WAS A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING. SHE WALKED IN singing CHICKERY CHICK and we had a discussion of JOSE. I BEGGED HER to LET HIM GO, LET HIM TARRY, but she sent me DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE, BECAUSE I'M A SQUARE IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

Then I WISH I KNEW how I got along while NIGHT AND DAY I was HOME-SICK. I took the LONG WAY HOME, on the ATCHESON, TOPEKA AND THE SANTA FE. I was BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT when you, LAURA, started WALKING IN MY DREAMS. Now I just DREAM ALWAYS. DARLING, YOU AND I, and I'LL BUY THAT DREAM. THE MORE I SEE YOU MORE AND MORE I ask ISN'T IT KINDA FUN? GOOD-NIGHT WHEREVER YOU ARE.

I LOVE YOU TRULY,
 YOURS, TEMPTATION.

His Plaintive Wail

Even my best friend wouldn't tell me—so I failed!

LATEST MOVIES

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Lost Weekend | Before Exams |
| The Spiral Staircase | In the Girls' gym |
| Wonder Man | Mr. Sinclair |
| Forever Amber | Traffic lights after midnight |
| Don't Fence Me In | Homework |
| On the Carpet | The Office |
| People Are Funny | Ruth Hawley |
| The Clock | 3.40 p.m. |
| The Awful Truth | Reports |
| Hold That Blonde | Al Pickering |
| Anchors Aweigh | Stew Duncan |
| This Love of Ours | Tom and Roberta |

WE WONDER . . .

- If there will ever be another Mrs. Claxton—sweet memories.
- If Miss Taylor will ever succeed in breaking up noon-hour sessions at the 2nd floor lockers on the corner.
- Which was more fun—the out-of-town games or the bus rides home? H-m-m-m?
- What the attraction in Port Huron is—eh, Clancy? (as if we didn't know).
- Where Davie Kilbreath learned to sing so cutely.
- What S.C.I. will be without J.D.
- What would happen to Mr. Dennis if things were quiet.

THINGS WE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT

- Wossa games.
- Long assemblies.
- Comtecall.
- Square-dancing in gym.
- The hubba-hubba club.
- Mr. Sinclair.
- Our regular sing-song.

THINGS WE COULD DO WITHOUT

- Essay contests.
- People who up the "down" stairs.
- Homework.
- People who pry lockers open.

ORCHIDS TO . . .

- Mr. Sinclair for swell co-operation.
- Mr. Sperling for his sing-songs.
- Returned vets for peppering up the school.
- Bob Thompson for doing all his homework.
- Mr. Newell's Wossa teams.
- Mr. Johnston for being a swell guy.
- Miss Heasman for asking John Battram if he was God's gift to woman.
- Those behind the wonderful Club El Collegio.

Mr. Langan's Special

You heard the one about the man who called his lighter gopher because every time he wanted to light it he had to go fur a match.

ONIONS TO . . .

- Members of the staff who disapprove of ALL extra-curricular activities.
- Those who won't co-operate with a swell janitorial staff.
- People who get red crosses on their lockers.
- Those members of the junior assembly who don't know how to behave.
- The boys who skipped square-dancing periods with the girls.

BON VOYAGE

(By Obviously Anonymous)

It was a desperate chance he was taking, and he was fully aware of its graveness. Still undaunted, he crept stealthily from the monstrous building and plunged into the temporary haven of a shadow.

Fearing recognition, he turned up his coat collar and gazed fixedly at his feet. He walked at a normal pace, feigning nonchalance to avert suspicion. No one must perceive his act.

As he turned at a wire fence, he cautiously peered over his shoulder. Was he being followed? Yes—but the knowledge of this only seemed to encourage him.

Now his steps grew quicker and his stride lengthened. One block and then another passed beneath his feet. Before a rather dingy building he stopped, opened the door, and disappeared into the depths followed by the pursuing one.

He took out a cigarette and offered one to the other boy—they had safely reached Bonner's.

ED'S NOTE—This does not refer to any actual boys who patronize Albert's.

PHILOSOPHY

- all girls regret losing their youth unless they can get another one immediately.
- the downfall of a boy is usually caused by the upkeep of some girl.
- to say the least is not the girl's way of doing it.
- a girl doesn't have to be a pianist to make a play for you.
- a girl who wears cotton stockings doesn't need to keep her door locked; but the girl who wears nylons gets all the runs and breaks.
- laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay in after school alone.

11C Again—

When they put a Christmas tree up in his room were they looking for Christmas bonus marks? And even more important, did they get them, Mendy?

Pleasantries exchanged over the wire are very often phoney!

MODEL BOY AND GIRL OF THE S.C.I.

| | BOY | GIRL |
|------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Figure | DANNY BROWN | PAT HARTLEY |
| Clothes | JIM BRUNTON | MARILYN FOX |
| Hair | RAY McDERMID | PAULINE SLATER |
| Eyes | DAVIE KILBREATH | NORMA FERGUSON |
| Smile | CLETE SLOANE | HELEN PASSMORE |
| Friendliness | BILL WILKINSON | BETTY BYRNS |
| Personality | HANK HENRY | ALICE MACFARLANE |
| Wittiness | BOB NICHOLSON | MARY PATON |
| Dancing Ability | DEAN HAWLEY | DOROTHY WELLS |
| Athletic Ability | NORM ANDERSON | RUTH HAWLEY |
| Intelligence | RALSTON ANNAND | BERNICE FRIEDMAN |

Oh, How True!

Under the swinging street-car strap
The homely girl she stands
And stands . . . and stands . . . and stands.

A Fad

We notice a lot of yellow sweaters among
the boys. See what you started, Mr. Drn-
ford?

WHAT FIFTH HAS GOT

We've got Aiken but no pains
We've got Cot but no beds
We've got Dot but no dash
We've got Allen but no Fred
We've got Bell but no buzzer
We've got Byrns but no scalds
We've got Hank but no hair
We've got Dunc but no doughnuts
We've got Joan but no Crawford
We've got Ralston but no shredded
We've got Gray but no Rinso
We've got Dean but no college
We've got Gert but no Gravel
We've got Danny but no Kaye
We've got Sinc but no washroom
We've got Shanks but no mare
We've got Bareknees but no shorts
We've got Foxy but no wolves (???)
We've got Caesar but no translation
We've got Barb but no wire
We've got Max but no Rosenbloom
We've got Don but no Juan
We've got Anderson but no Hans
We've got departs but no matriculation
We've got Passmore but no graduates
We've got to come back next year anyway.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF . . .

- Mary Jamieson got to school on time?
- Mr. Trietz lost his sense of humour(?)
- John Bradley stopped winking at girls?
- The boys outnumbered the girls in Special.
- Tom Kenny gave up loud ties?
- Pat Hartley stopped chewing gum?
- The girls started taking Tech?
- Barb Smith ran out of men?
- Girls stopped being late from gym?

Minister's Sermon

"Skiing on the Sabbath, or Are You
Young People Backsliding on Your Week-
ends?"

Then there was the girl who followed the
sprinkling cart 10 blocks to tell the driver
that his wagon was leaking.

Did you know the fellow that was so
dumb that he thought stagnation was a
country for men only?

Sign on a Hilltop Manor

We'd better wash the windows, mother,
the neighbors are straining their eyes.

And what about the sailor with the Tar-
zan eyes? They swung from limb to limb!

Speaking of Bus Rides (as nobody was,
but let's): We hope the rumours about the
trips home from the various games aren't
true.

Ba-a-a

Did Mr. Langan get a license to shoot his
little lambs when they give him silly an-
swers?

She was only an Indian's daughter but
she certainly knew "how"!

Oh, Corn!

I call my girl real estate because she
means a lot to me!

Remedy for Insomnia

Try sleeping on the edge of the bed—
you might drop off.

REMEMBER?

Who remembers when we used to rest on
Sunday instead of Monday?

~ POEMS ~



I'm through with girls,
They cheat, they lie,
They prey on males
Until we die.
They tease and tempt,
And drive us to sin . . .
Hey! Look at the blonde
That just came in!

How often in the stilly night
I've barked my shins on every flight,
And marked the irony of it,
That I, and not the lamp, was lit.

Short Story

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Pickled bug!

Art Fortey's Dream

When I am dead please bury me,
Neath a ton of sugar, neath a rubber tree,
Lay me to rest in a new machine,
And water my grave with gasoline.

Memories!-!!

Flunked in Physics, failed in Math,
I heard him softly hiss,
I'd like to find the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss!

Silas Clam
Lies dead on the floor—
He tried to slam a
Revolving door.

When looking for that certain girl,
Here is a bit of caution,
Be sure she's one who knows the ropes—
The kind you hang your clothes on!

**To Those Who Don't Care WHO
See Them**

A lover's loved by all the world,
And all fall prey to cupid,
But **public** romance is absurd,
It's never smart—it's stupid.

I often pause and wonder
At fate's peculiar ways
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

The Tree Toads

A tree toad loved a she-toad
That lived up in a tree.
She was a three-toed tree-toad,
But a two-toed toad was he.

The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The three-toed's friendly nod:
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground
The three-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried—
He couldn't please her whim.
In her tree toad bower, with her v-tce power
The she-toad vetoed him.

I've never been dated,
I've never been kissed.
They said if I waited
No man could resist
The lure of a pure
And innocent miss—
The trouble is—I'm fifty.

A green little student
On a green little day
Mixed some green, pretty chemicals
In a green little way.
The green little grasses
Now tenderly wave
On the green little chemist's
Green little grave.

Dim spiral shades
In crystal glades—
The sun is going down.

A cricket hums,
The wan moon comes
To light your gay new gown.

You have no fear
As I move near—
Your smiling lips are free.

But soon you'll find
It's best to mind
The wolf instincts in me.

Ode to One-Arm Drivers

Onward they rush,
Heedless they whirl,
With a head full of mush
And an armful of girl!

Why do I stand when the moon is high,
With my arms outstretched to the starlit
sky,

While on my lips is a wordless cry,
Why do I do it?—I'm nuts, that's why.

CHOICE ITEMS FROM OUR SCHOOL FRONT CORRESPONDENT

What returned vet is causing quite a flutter among the girls from third form up? Brown seems to be a favourite colour this season.

* * * *

How are the 11B girls making out in the reform of Cletus Sloane? Aw, come on, Clete, be a good boy.

* * * *

One of our senior lads is turning quite gray. Too close contact with a blonde maybe?

* * * *

Who are the rubber boot thieves in the school—have you lost any rubbers lately?

* * * *

Is Miss Wilton trying to reform Allie MacFarlane with these constant little chats?

* * * *

Why does a certain fourth former spend so many evenings at Aileen Gordon's? Doing homework, Freddie?

* * * *

We wonder why they haven't got Janet Helliwell writing this column?

* * * *

Miss Ramsden's mixed square-dancing classes were certainly a lot of fun. How about that, Mr. Newell?

* * * *

We were amazed and gratified by Mr. Langan's unexpected appearance at a recent sweater hop. We didn't see him cutting any rugs, though!

* * * *

We hear that for every day that Nicholson doesn't use a bad word he receives a penny from Barford and Hackney. Pretty safe proposition, eh, fellas?

* * * *

Why was Mike Turner walking down the hall one morning with one shoe on and the other heaven knows where?

* * * *

Who was the dub who asked Mr. O'Donahue, "Sir, do we wear our gym shorts?" on the day they were square-dancing with the girls?

* * * *

Did anyone see the bubbles at the Woodstock game? Who had soap for lunch?

* * * *

Who was the blonde Don Lantz was seen talking to the day of the game in Port Huron? Know any more, Don?

* * * *

How come there are so many first form girls who know Cot Cunningham? Maybe his motto is "Get 'em early and train 'em right!"

* * * *

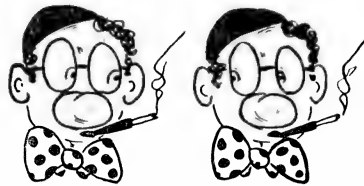
We hear Jim Brunton drove home from St. Thomas in an hour after a football game. Is it true girls?

| NAME | ALIAS | CHIEF WEAKNESS | AMBITION | ULTIMATE FATE | SAYS |
|-------------------|-----------|----------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Pauline Slater | Slate | Auburn, Please | Interior Decorator | House Painter's Wife | "I'm so mad I could spit!" |
| Jerry Swartz | Schnookie | Football Bench | Pediatrician | Swartz Economy | "Can I play, Coach?" |
| Marion Humphries | Red | Grade Nine | 10A | Mr. Little's 9-11 | "That referee cheated." |
| Bill Rankin | Bill | Golf | 2nd Byron Nelson | Caddy | "Fore!" |
| Marion Lunam | Lumie | Living | Cadet Dance | Comtecoll | "At Cometcoll we—" |
| John MacGillivray | Jack | Has He One? | Artist | Bill-board | "Well, you see—" |
| Maxine Palmer | Max | Curves | Children's Nurse | Pin-up Girl | "Uh, huh." |
| Jack Lewis | Big Lewie | Commercial Glamazon | Winning Ball Team | T-11 | "A ball? *!#!" |
| Norma Ferguson | Ferg. | Canatara Park | A Man | Ms. Lewis | "Wouldn't that rot your socks!" |
| Dan Brown | Danny | Basketball | Physco-Analyst | Psychopathic Ward—patient | "If not for Waring" |
| Ruth Hawley | Rufus | Gym. | P. T. Teacher | Girls' Athletic Assoc. | "Oh, really now!" |
| Leon Bock | Atom | Comics | Electrician | Gleishing Light Bulbs | "Bang! bang! gotcha." |
| Grace Keats | Gracie | Leon | Mrs. Bock | Comics | "Ya got me." |
| Davis Smith | Red | Music | Another Iterbi | Playing in Assembly | "I play in Somb'a." |
| Mane Sinclair | Tiny | Pickering (College?) | St. Andrew's (College) | Pickering (College) | "My sister and I—" |
| William Boyd | Bill | Harmonica | Second Van Johnson | Bill Boyd | "In Special—" |
| Frances Whitnell | Fran. | Men | English Teacher | Reader in Public Library Story Hour | "Ya don't say!" |
| Alex. Grabovi | Grab | Yellow Sweaters | Radio Technician | Janitor at CHOK | "Grab-ovi, sir." |
| Bernice Friedman | Barcknees | Locker at Noon | Foreign Correspondent | Gag Writer for "Collegiate" | "Oh no!" |
| James Brunton | Jim | Clothes | Designer | Editor of "Collegiate" | "It's at home, Miss Martin." |

S. C. I. Will

| I | WILL | TO |
|-------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Ross Cunningham | The Mooretown Special | Future Students |
| Bernice Friedman | Languages | Ralston Annand |
| Mike Turner | Assembly Announcements | Barford |
| Ralph Barford | Assembly Announcements | Nicholson |
| Max Palmer | Trig. | Miss Martin |
| Jim Brunton | My Late Slips | Mr. Coles |
| Marg. Borthwick | My Height | Joyce Cameron |
| John Bradley | Geography | Those who take the Periods |
| Pat Norsworthy | Half My Marks | Fred Mitchell—so we can both pass |
| Doug. Bayne | Short-sightedness | Exam. Presiders |
| So-Ed Club | More El Colegios | S. C. I. |
| Dan Brown | My Army Boots | Norm Anderson |
| Marilyn Fox | My Appendix | Mr. Treitz |
| Tom Brock | My Cadet Uniform | Barnum & Bailey |
| Zola Hollaway | My Hair Rinse | Elaine Gray |
| Dean Hawley | Tech. | My Father |
| Don Hunt | My Sport Column | Llyal Smith |
| Marjorie Skerratt | "Bells of St. Marys" | Frank Sinatra |
| Neil Pole | My Father's Store | "2 Block Limit" |
| Bet Byrns | My Drawings | Varga |
| Jack Lewis | Arsenic | 13's Ball Team |
| Fran Whitnell | The Key to My Heart | Whoever Wants It |
| Ed. Bagley | 12 doz. Chess Boards | Mr. Marcy |
| Janet Helliwell | A Hearse | Stew Duncan—to follow his car |
| Barry Bell | My Seat in French Class | Me—I'll need it. |
| Virginia Hunt | "Rowdy Rubes" | Arthur Murray |
| Hope Millholland | My Braces | My Dentist |
| Helen Karn | My Muscles | Jack Wright |
| Helen Passmore | My Latin Translation | Class of '49 |
| John MacGillivray | Biology Worms | Posterity |

LAFS



J. D. McIntyre: Does this lipstick come off easily?

Salesgirl Dope: Not if she puts up a fight.

* * * *

Doctor: Hm-m-m. You certainly have acute appendicitis.

Sis L.: Oh, Doctor, you flatter me!

* * * *

Irate Church Women: Why don't you arrest that awful nudist colony that is disgracing the neighborhood?

Sherriff: I would, but it is very hard to get anything on them.

* * * *

Mrs. Cowan: Anne, didn't I see you kiss that boy you had dated last night?

Anne: Well, mom, he feebly tried to kiss me and you told me to always help the feeble.

* * * *

Dot Bulman: Just think, he tried to put his arm around me three times last night.

Zola Holloway: Gad! what an arm!

* * * *

When the boss told Derek to take a lesson from the busy bee, he stayed out all night with his honey.

* * * *

Patrol Officer (to occupants in parked car): Don't you see the sign, "FINE FOR PARKING?"

Anderson: Yes, and I agree.

* * * *

Mr. Brush (to orchestra): Now we will play "Rule Britannia."

Ross Allen: Great Scott! I just played that!

1st Darkie: How did you get all that soot all over your coat?

2nd Ditto: Dat ain't soot—dat's dandruff.

* * * *

Tom Sinclair (at S.C.I. dance): Come on Joy, let's back to the car. Think of all the fun we're missing.

* * * *

Ralph Backman: Do you use harpoons?

Dorothy Wells: No, my hair stays in place naturally.

* * * *

Madsen: How come you write so slowly?

Bill McKay: My girl can't read very fast.

* * * *

In class during a discussion of driving, a student was asked to give an example of a driving hazard.

Cot Cunningham (just waking up): Well, I know of a man who broke his leg while swinging at a golf ball.

* * * *

Katherine Skerrat (translating Latin): O, how often she delayed . . . she delayed just when . . . just when . . .

Mr. Southcombe: Just when she couldn't see her notebook.

* * * *

"I'm cutting quite a figure" said Marg. Allen as she sat on a broken bottle.

* * * *

Young Man: Pop, what are women?

Father: Women are what we marry, son.

Y.M.: We don't get much choice do we?

* * * *

Dave McRae: Betty, I dislike telling you, but last night at the party your sister promised to become my wife. Can you ever forgive me for taking her away?

Betty B.: Shucks, that's what the party was for.

* * * *

Dean Hawley arrives in at 2 a.m.

Mrs. Hawley: Well, what does the clock say?

Dean: Cock shay "tick-tock." Cow shay "moo-moo." Pushy shay "meow-weow." And big bear go "wuff-wuff-wuff."

* * * *

Atomic Bomb: Device that blows pieces into pieces.

* * * *

Mary L.: I hate to be pawed over and kissed.

Jack Groom: Okay, I'll kiss you first.

* * * *

Bill Rankin: I had an awful fright last week.

Joe Brunton: Yes, I saw you with her.

* * * *

Doug Cole: Are you fond of indoor sports?

Marg Capes: Yes, if they know when to go home.

* * * *

Mr. Marcy (reviewing H.C.F. and L.C.M. quickly turns to Storey): L.C. what?

Art (bewildered): Elsie the Cow?

Mrs. Ferguson: Have a good time dear, and be a good girl.

Norma: Mother, will you make up your mind?

* * * *

"Joseph!"

"Yes, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the gold fish bowl?"

"No—but I'm coming dang close!"

* * * *

County Constable: Pardon, miss, but swimming is not allowed in this lake.

Why didn't you tell me before I undressed? asked Barb Smith.

C.C.: Well, there ain't no law gain' undressin'!

* * * *

Barry: Here's a pint of Chanel for your birthday, Ev.

Ev.: Gee, thanks Barry, but it's so expensive a dram would have been enough.

B.B.: Well, I guess I'm just one of those fellows who doesn't give a dram.

* * * *

Lloyd Dennis: Please pass me in History Miss Harris, I'm only a poor boy trying to get ahead.

Miss H.: Well, if you ever get one, hang onto it.

* * * *

Dean Hawley: The girls around here are biased.

Gladdy: Yeah, buy us this and buy us that until we're broke.

* * * *

Marg. Hamilton: I use my diary a bit differently than other girls.

Paul Soper: How's that?

Marg.: I fill it out a year ahead and try to live up to it.

* * * *

Frank Price: Did you ever take chloroform?

Bill Spence: No, who teaches it?

* * * *

Mr. Dennis: Now you all know what a molecule is.

Davis Smith: Most of us do sir, but perhaps you'd better explain it for the benefit of those who have never been up in one.

* * * *

Miss Taylor: Alan, conjugate the verb "to laugh."

Pick: Je smile, tu giggle, il laugh, nous roarons, vous splitez, ils burstent.

* * * *

Karn: Have you a speedometer on this car?

Fortey: I don't need one. If I go forty miles an hour the lamps rattle, at 50 the whole car rattles and if I go above that my dental plates rattle.

* * * *

Alf Handy: She loves to dance—dancing is in her blood.

Ray McDermid: She must have poor circulation—it hasn't reached her feet.

Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips the breath came in short wrenching gasps. Reassuringly he smiled at her. BZZZZZZZ went the dentist's drill.

* * * *

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress of the leading chorine. "Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

* * * *

Freshie Fran Haas: Mama, he followed me home. Can I keep him?

* * * *

Jack Karn: Your daughter is going to marry me, sir.

Mr. Urquhart: Well, what did you expect, hanging around our house every night?

* * * *

Abie: Fadder, you told me you would give me a dollar effery time I got a "A" on my report. I got two last week.

Fadder: Well, here's two dollars, Abie. Now quit studying so much; it's bad for you.

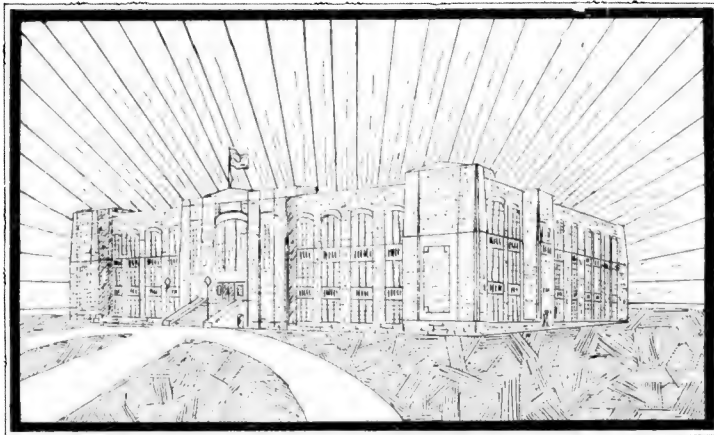
* * * *

If Mr. Dent tells you that water, leechd through ashes is fit for a beverage, don't believe him. It is a lye.

* * * *

Father (sternly): Young man, I saw you put your arms around my daughter last night.

McClymont: I suppose you noticed how she struggled too.



THE END



NATIONAL CLUB

"At Your Service Since 1917"

SARNIA'S FINEST RECREATION CENTRE

Christina Street Right Through to Front Street

NATIONAL CIGAR STORE

FRESH TOBACCOS — HUMIDOR STOCK ROOM

DELICIOUS MALTED MILKS

Phone 1071

Manager—J. M. Harris

UNITED CLUBS LIMITED

CONCESSIONAIRES

ESTABLISHED—1923

Phone 3331

President—M. G. Harris

NATIONAL CLUB BILLIARDS

14—Superb Tables—14

THE FINEST BILLIARD ROOM IN WESTERN ONTARIO

Phone 3576

Manager—G. M. Harris

MACK'S RESTAURANT

Meet Your Friends Here—24-Hour Service

SPECIALIZING IN CHOPS, STEAKS, A LA CARTE

Phone 1999

Manager—J. Bergos

NATIONAL CLUB BARBER SHOP

Three Chairs, No Long Waits

Christina Street

Manager—L. Peffers

NATIONAL BOWLING ALLEYS

8—Smooth, Fast Alleys—8

Phone 3718

Managers—Cumming Bros.

Compliments of
**THE
 Harrold Bus Line**

CORUNNA

Compliments of
**RALPH PHIBBS
 GROCERY STORE**

236 Cromwell St.

**MACKLIN'S
 FLOWER SHOP**

*Fine Flowers
 for all Occasions*

Lochiel St.

Phone 2

Compliments of
**CITY
 BARBER SHOP**

109½ S. CHRISTINA ST.

Madeline Capes: I always do my hardest work before breakfast.
 Ruth S.: What's that?
 M.C.: Getting up.

**KARN'S
 SPORTING GOODS**

Hunting - Fishing
 Athletic Supplies
 Goodyear Tires
 Exide Batteries

Davis and Christina

H. KARN

Phone 917

**CAMPUS
 SHOP**

Sarnia's
 Favorite Store
 for

S P O R T S W E A R

161 N. Front Street

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Polymer Corporation Limited



Sarnia

-

Ontario

**QUALITY
FOOTWEAR**

at Lowest Prices

**MAHER
SHOE STORE**

158 N. Front St.

Phone 2540

The Stork Shop

BABY'S ESSENTIALS
INFANTS' WEAR

"Sarnia's Exclusive Baby Shop"

228 N. FRONT ST. PHONE 3152

Compliments of

ROSE'S
MEATS AND GROCERIES

1208 — PHONES — 1209

LOW COST

Life Insurance

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
AUBREY OLDHAM, C.L.U.,
Manager

Branch Office: Masonic Building
SARNIA

Mr. Southcombe: Pole, conjugate hic.

Homer: His, hic, hoc, huius, huis, hone, hone, hone.

Mr. S.: Well, now that the road is clear you may continue.

Compliments of

Weaver Refrigeration

SALES — SERVICE

ELECTRIC STOVES, WASHERS & REFRIGERATORS

ELECTRIC FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES

Phone 1831

120 Russell St. N.

Sarnia, Ontario

McGIBBON'S DRUG STORE

Cosmetics

RUBINSTEIN
DOROTHY GRAY
DU BARRY
OGILVIE SISTERS

156 N. Front Street

**For
Tomorrow's Styles
Today**

CLAYTON THOMSON CLOTHING

**DISTINCTIVE
MEN'S WEAR**

199 N. Christina Phone 193

Miss Harris: Do you remember what happened in 1942?

Gladdy: Gosh no! I can't ever remember what happened last night.

M c K A Y Electric Service

Specializes in Repairing
and Rebuilding
Washing Machines

Prompt Service

Phone 512-W-2 Lake Road

SARNIA AUTO WRECKERS

—NEW AND USED PARTS—
GLASS INSTALLED

114 N. Christinar Phone 2490
Opposite Bell Telephone

WILSON'S RADIO SHOP

PARTS AND REPAIRS
FOR ALL MAKES

112 S. Christina Phone 1830

JAMIESON'S

**THE BEST CANDY
THAT'S MADE**

106 Christina Phone 119

TAMBLYN'S DRUG STORE

DOROTHY GRAY
COSMETICS

ensure satisfaction in your
Beauty Problems

YOU ARE UNDER NO
OBLIGATION WHEN
YOU COME IN TO LOOK
AROUND

J. O. Patterson

IMPERIAL
SERVICE STATION

COMPLETE LUBRICATION
and
BATTERY SERVICE
ATLAS TIRES
BATTERIES & ACCESSORIES

Mitton and London Road
PHONE 1629

Ralph: I suppose you dance?

Byrnsy: Oh yes, I love to!

Barford: Great! That's even better than dancing.

Compliments of
The Freeda Shoppe

Smart Clothes for the Ladies
Style Without Extravagance

142 Christina Street N.
PHONE 2383-R

: Grant's Gift Shop :

Collegiate Pins and Rings
Fountain Pens and Pencils
Novelty Jewelry - Watches

149 N. Christina Watches Repaired

DRINK ———

PEPSI-COLA

"It Hits the Spot"

Sarnia Soda Water Works
Authorized Bottlers Phone 225

BUY YOUR

Collegiate Styles

... at ...

WALKER STORES, Limited
167 N. Christina 170 N. Front
Sarnia

COMPLIMENTS

OF

**IMPERIAL OIL
LIMITED**



Compliments of

The Lambton Loan
and
Investment Company

C. H. BELTON
President

G. C. NORSWORTHY
Manager

Sarnia — Ontario

Mitzi L.: You know, I used to think you were very dumb.

Tubby Elliot: Did you?

M. L.: I wasn't sure of anything then.

Compliments of

**KNOWLES
SHOE STORE**

Compliments of

**BLUE WATER
TAXI**

Phone 2202 — Sarnia

Compliments of

**WARWICK
BROTHERS
GROCETERIA**

OAKWOOD CORNERS

"FRED" POLLARD

—TAILORING—

**MADE TO MEASURE SUITS
FROM \$30.00**

**For Expert Alterations, Repairs,
Etc., See Us**

204 N. Front St.

Sarnia

Compliments of

CHARLES GRACE

GENERAL EXCAVATING

SEWER CONSTRUCTION, ROAD GRADING

Phone 3390

St. Clair Avenue, Point Edward

**GORDON LINK
INSURANCE**

10 Masonic Bldg.

Phones 3304 - 1748M

Sarnia, Ont.

Representative of Sun Life of Canada

T. Rawings: Say, whatever become of that girl you were hugging in the hammock?

Big Louie: Oh, her?—well, we just had a falling out.

Compliments of

The Harry J. Watson Co.

FORSYTHE Shirts and Pyjamas

164—6 North Front Street

FLOWERS . . . for all occasions



SAVAGE GREENHOUSES

Phone 2210

Capel at Exmouth Street

Compliments
of

A. ZIERLER

Furniture, Stoves and
House Furnishings

171 LOCHIEL STREET
Sarnia, Ontario

PHONE 2273

ALMA COLLEGE
St. Thomas, Ont.

Affiliated with the
University of Western Ontario in
Arts and Home Economics

Other courses include High School,
Secretarial Studies, Music, Fine Art,
Dramatics, Home Makers', Handi-
crafts.

Excellent equipment for Swimming,
Riding, Tennis, Hockey, Golf, etc.

For Prospectus
Address the Principal
P. S. DOBSON M.A., D.D.

Men are born fools so that women won't die old maids.

FERGUSON'S FISH MARKET
GROCERIES — CONFECTIONERY — GAS — OIL
SMOKED AND FRESH MEATS

Cor. Exmouth and Cemetery Road

Phone 777

MOORE PAINT SERVICE
Successors to Carter's Wallpaper Shoppe

QUALITY PAINTS — SUNWORTHY WALLPAPERS

Front Street

**CHEW'S
BILLIARD PARLOR**

NEWEST TABLES IN TOWN
Drop in for a Game

Cromwell St. Between Christina
and Front

Steve "Chew" Colody, Proprietor.

LEPAGE
Electrical Contractors

DEALERS — SALES
SERVICE and REPAIR

120 Davis St. — Phone 3748

Compliments of

ZELLER'S LIMITED

Retailers to Thrifty Canadians

182 FRONT ST.

Compliments of

STEWART FUNERAL HOME

H. D. STEWART

254 George — Phone 27

Mr. Ferguson: Norma, who was here to see you last night?

Norma: Only Sis, Dad.

Mr. F.: Well, tell Sis she left her pipe on the sofa.

FORSYTH

*Give Him Shirts and Pyjamas
for Birthday Gifts*

Forsyth Pajamas\$2.50 and \$3.00

Forsyth Shirts\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50

Forsyth Neckwear\$1.00 and \$1.50

Brown & Urquhart

LIMITED

Phone 3242

176 N. Front

F O W L I E ' S

Importers of
FINE ENGLISH CHINA,
POTTERY AND CRYSTAL

Front and Cromwell Sts.
Phone 2522

**FERRIS
ICE CREAM SHOP**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
ICE CREAM

Corner George and Mitton

**REMINGTON RAND
LTD.**

OFFICE MACHINES, SYSTEMS
AND EQUIPMENT

143 Cromwell St.

**Plan to Spend
Your Next Evening**

... at ...

Blue Haven

Foxie: How do you ever think of all those jokes?

M. Paton: Well, I just have a good laugh and then I think backwards to find out what I was laughing at.

Compliments of

Esquire Grill

COURTEOUS SERVICE
WE AIM TO SATISFY

110 S. Christina

Phone 1799—W

P.O. BOX 291

TELEPHONE 3696

**Shaw Construction
COMPANY**

General Contracting

Ready Mixed Concrete

JOHN BROWN & SONS

Famous

Shamrock Linens

Sold by

The Fred Mills Store

139 Lochiel St.

D. J. ROBB

*Funeral and Ambulance
Service*

Davis at Victoria

Phone 81

Compliments of

**GOWER
FURS**

145 N. Christina St.

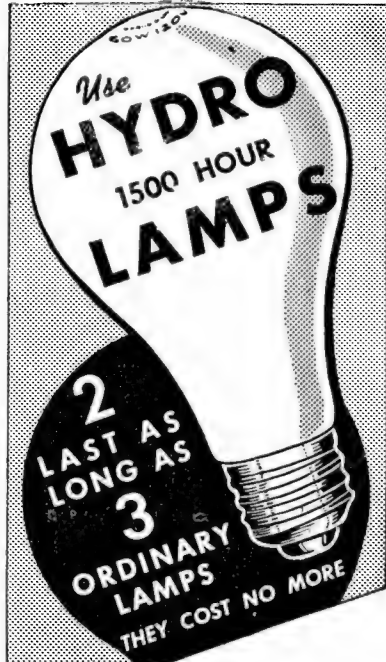
Phone 884

*Compliments
of*

**DALTON
FUELS**

Ross Allan: In my old place, I took things pretty easy.

Boss: Well it is not that way here, we keep everything laced up.



*Better Light
Better Sight*

Do You Know . .

THAT one quarter of our young people suffer from defective vision.

THAT three-quarters of all people over fifty suffer from defective vision.

THAT ninety-five per cent of all people over sixty have defective eye-sight.

Inadequate light is a prominent cause of these troubles.

Hydro

Long-Life

Lamps

For Home
Office and
Factory

The
Hydro Shop

Phone 765
Cor. LOCHIEL &
VICTORIA Sts.

Opportunity . . .

is
urgently calling to Young
People with . . .

**Sarnia Business
College Training**

After Collegiate it is the Essential
Link between a High School Edu-
cation and a Practical Position for
YOU.

**McDONALD'S
DRUG STORE**

Corner Cromwell
125 N. Christina St.

DRUGS
PRESCRIPTIONS
BABY SUPPLIES

Mr. Dennis: Why do they put bridges on violins?
Wheeler: To get the music across.

Headquarters for

**School Books and Collegiate Supplies
Church Supplies**

Papers - Fountain Pens - Magazines - Office Supplies - Latest Fiction

**MANLEY'S**

The Store That Gives You Service

145 LOCHIEL ST.

PHONE 1002


Compliments of
ART FORTEY
 WHITE ROSE STATION
 TIRES — BATTERIES
 LUBRICATION
 Phone 2834 London Road

J. E.
EISENBACH
For Better Quality
MEATS
 GROCERIES and VEGETABLES
Prompt Delivery
 271 Devine — SARNIA — Phone 414

D. HISLOP
 CENTRAL SHOE &
 HARNESS REPAIR
 ———
 241 George St. Phone 2524

Compliments of
Western Freight
Lines Limited
 ———
 STAN ALLEN
 Branch Manager

Marshall: Did you ever take one of those German mud-bath treatments?
 Finlay: No, but I played in the rugby games last fall.

 Experts in
KODAK
PHOTOGRAPHY
 Your pictures printed
 in double size prints.
 ———
 No Extra Charge

McFEE'S GARAGE
 "THREE STAR" GASOLINE
 MARVELUBE OIL
 ———
 PHONE 29
 ———
 Taxi Service Towing Truck
 Cromwell Street

FOR SPORTSWEAR . . .
 Visit the Helen's Sport Dept.
 Where you'll find the Smartest
 Selection of Skirts, Blouses, Slacks,
 Slack Suits, Jackets, Peasant
 Broomstick Skirts, and a complete
 line of Beach Wear.
THE HELEN'S LADIES
AND KIDDIES SHOP
 140 Lochiel St. Logan Block

Compliments of
Brown's Silk Shoppe
The Shop for
SMART YOUNG WOMEN
 ———
 173½ N. Christina Phone 162

*Compliments
of*

CLARK BROS.

"QUALITY"

Foods, Fruits and Provisions

Fresh and Cured Meats

PHONE 268

338 S. Christina Street — Sarnia

**GAS AND ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES**

**SELECT HOME
FURNISHINGS**

RADIOS — PIANOS

*Expert Rad'io and Washer
Service*

**W. McPHILLIPS
Ltd.**

THE FRIENDLY STORE

170 N. Christina

Phone 3210

Marg. Allen: Anything you say goes

McDermid: Splendid, old thing.

Marg.: In one ear and out the other.

The Industrial Mortgage & Trust Company

ESTABLISHED 1889

Money in a Savings Account is the most dependable of all friends in time of financial emergency. During sickness or unemployment it gives a sense of security that nothing else can equal. Before you can even hope to succeed, you must first start to save!

JOHN COWAN, K.C.
President

SARNIA

W. R. PAUL
Manager

Compliments
of

GUS' BILLIARDS

TOBACCO — PIPES

SUNDRIES

MAGAZINES

SHOE SHINE

Phone 3428

*We Cater to the Nation's
Greatest Asset . . .*

THE CHILDREN

Clothes for Kids
From Kindergarten
to College

**JUNIOR
FROCK SHOP**
VERA H. WILSON
PHONE 846
163 Lochiel St.

N. Pole: Say, my girl is an angel.


S. Swartz: You never expect to see her home, do you?

EVERYTHING IN

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS

PYREX AND CHINA



The Sarnia Hardware Co. Ltd.

"The Store of Service"

182 N. CHRISTINA **PHONE 110**

INGERSOLL'S DRUG STORE

Headquarters for
Barbara Gould and
Belcona Toiletries
DRUGS AND
PRESCRIPTIONS

INGERSOLL'S DRUG STORE

Phone 66 — We Deliver

*Compliments
of*

**L. N. Phippen's
Ltd.**

Farmer: Hi there! What are you doing in my cherry tree?

First Farmer: There's a notice down there to keep off the grass.

Compliments of

**REISS
Ladies' Wear**

Where the Smartly Dressed
Girls Get Their
Clothes

172½ N. CHRISTINA St.
between
CAPITOL AND IMPERIAL
THEATRES

Phone 3297

**THE
FLORENCE
SHOPPE**

EXCLUSIVE APPAREL

**WOMEN'S AND MISSES'
COATS . . FROCKS
SUITS**

140 N. Front St.

Sarnia

BARR'S Jewellery Store

for
COLLEGIATE RINGS
PINS AND
MILITARY EMBLEMS
in
PINS . . RINGS . . CRESTS

JAMES C. BARR
JEWELLER

*Compliments
of*

DUSTBANE PRODUCTS LIMITED

77 KING ST E.
TORONTO

When people ask you to sing, don't be bashful—go ahead and do it. It will be their own fault.

...BOND CLOTHES...

MADE TO MEASURE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Next to Imperial Theatre Roy Smith, Manager

THE WONDER BAKERS — Quality and Service is Our Motto

NEAL'S VITOS FOR HEALTH

Varieties of Bread, Buns, Rolls, Pies and Wonder Cakes
PHONE 377 SALESMAN WILL CALL

RANDOLPH OFFICE SUPPLY

Greeting Cards Stationery School Supplies
Archie B. Randolph, R.C.A.M.C. 129 N. Front
Phone 2558

NORTH END AUTO SUPPLY

156 N. VICTORIA ST. — WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
New and Used Parts — Monarch Batteries — Dominion Tires and Tubes
Vulcanizing — Safety Glass Installed

*Compliments
of*

**WOOL
SHOP**

Compliments of

**A. W. CHARMAN
FEEDS — SEEDS**

*Fresh Pedigreed and Tested Seeds
Bulbs - Plants - Nursery Stock*

188 Victoria St.

**Central Ontario
Transports**

*Ex'tends Its Compliments to the
School!*

PHONE 3312

Compliments of

R. A. Campbell

**GROCERIES, MEATS,
FRUITS, ETC.**

PHONE 895

Russell at Cameron St.

Bayne: I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook.
McClymont: You can't, can you. That's Bigamy.

*QUALITY
AND VALUE
YOU CAN TRUST*

**TIP - TOP
TAILORS
LIMITED**

Phone 3040

148 Front St.

Sarnia

**Get Your
FAVORITE
SUNDAE**

at the

**HARRISON
DAIRY BAR**

LIGHT LUNCHES

139 S. Mitton St

For Smart Clothes . . .

Shirley Withers
DRESSMAKER

208 Ross Avenue Phone 1013-W

Compliments of

RED STORE
BARBER

Wellington near Mitton
A. E. BONNER, Proprietor

H. W. McRITCHIE
HOME SPECIALTY SHOP

The best place to buy your Curtains,
Drapes, Blinds, and
Sherwin-Williams Paints

139 S. MITTON ST | PHONE 1966

WELLINGTON
LUNCH BAR

STUART AT WELLINGTON
ACROSS FROM COLLEGIATE

George is only a coal dealer's son, but holy smoke, where he has bin.

SARNIA HEATING AND ELECTRIC

HEATING — AIR CONDITIONING — ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

155 S. Mitton

Phone 2732

HOWARD & MUNDY HARDWARE

C.V. PAINTS, GLASS, PLUMBING & SHEET METAL SUPPLIES

130 Ontario, Phone 684

Corner Davis and Mitton, Phone 3471

CANADIAN TIRE CORP. ASSOCIATED STORE

G. F. Brown, Proprietor

Corner Davis and Euphemia

Phone 3160

SUNSHINE DOUGHNUTS ARE BEST!

Get Them FRESH at

HARRY OVENS

Mitton near Davis

We Aim to Serve You Better

WILLARD POLE — PHONE 707

DRUGGIST — AT THE RED STORE

—Kodaks— —Stationery— —Candy—

Norma Ferguson: May I speak to the captain?

First Mate: He's forward, Miss.

Norma: Oh I'm not afraid. I've been out with the 12-C boys.

* * * *

Kenny (telling about his recent hunt): Why fellows, my gun let out a roar,
and in the clearing ahead of us there lay two dead rabbits.

Brunton: How long had they been dead?

KILBREATH PHOTO STUDIO

FRED N. KILBREATH, PHOTOGRAPHER

Portraits, Wedding Groups, Child Portraiture, Commercial Photography and
Amateur Finishing.

SUPPLIES AND PICTURE FRAMING

Phone 1087 For Appointment — 118 South Mitton

A bum had parked himself in front of a Jew's jewelry shop and the Jew
came out and expostulated thus:

If you buy a vatch, buy a vatch; and if you don't wanta buy a vatch get
oud of der road and let the vatches see the people.

* * * *

Miss Harris: What was Brock noted for?

Hunt: His wonderful memory.

Miss Harris: What makes you think he had a great memory?

Don: Didn't they erect a monument to it?

Compliments of

Frontier Printing Co.

NORTH FRONT STREET PHONE 154

**MEL ENGLISH
DRUG STORE**

109 S. Mitton St.

*Prescription and Vitamin
Specialist*

PHONE 2192

Compliments of

TARTAN SWEETS

Your Favorite Confectionery and
Lunch Room

Greeting Cards for all Occasions

125 S. MITTON W. H. PARKER

*Compliments
of*

**PRAILL'S
FLOWERS**

103 Ontario St.

Compliments of

**FRANK
MERZTHALL**

Confectionery

108 S. Mitton Street

Magistrate: After you were held up, did you call the police?

Victim: Yes sir, everything I could think of, in three languages.

IT'S

**WILLIAM'S
PASTRY SHOPPE**

. . for . .

*FINE PIES, CAKES
AND PASTRY*

RED STORE CORNER

Phone 1910-W

Compliments of

C. T. Schnarr Don D. Schnarr

**SCHNARR'S
Home Furnishers**

FURNITURE

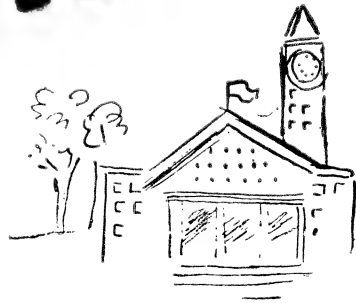
**GAS AND ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES**

RADIOS — FLOOR COVERINGS

161 Mitton St. S. Phone 1337

Our Location Saves You Money

CAMPUS FAVORITES



CO-EDS
and
BEAUS

*For Clothes
in the Know,*

See . .



WALKER BROS.
The Complete Store

145 S. MITTON

- Professional Directory =

TAYLOR, JAMIESON & KNOX

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

Henry M. Taylor, County Crown Attorney D. Park Jamieson, M.R.C., K.C.
W. J. Stuart Knox Alan Fowler
Lambton Loan Building

COWAN & MILLMAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

John Cowan, K.C. W. Logan Millman J. A. Dunlop
195½ N. Front Street Phone 10

G. W. CULLIS

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

Royal Bank Building Sarnia, Ont.

LESUEUR, DAWSON & NETHERY

N. L. LeSueur, K.C. F. P. Dawson, K.C. A. H. Nethery
Phone 1060 Capitol Theatre Bldg.
Branch Office - WYOMING - Open Monday

LOGAN & LOGAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Jno. R. Logan J. Gordon Logan R. Hampden Logan
Shirley A. K. Logan, B.A. 140 Lochiel Street
Telephone 53 Offices: Sarnia, Watford, Brigiden

A. A. FISHER

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

143½ Lochiel St., Sarnia Ont. — Phone 2539
Residence: 157 N. Brock St. Res. Phone 3534

NORMAN B. FORBES, M.R.A.I.C.

ARCHITECT

Phone 280-W 197 N. Christina Street

Compliments of

T. V. ANDERSON

OSTEOPATH

171½ N. Christina Street Phone 508

J. F. & J. NEWTON

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

Phones: Day 195 — Night 489 and 904-W

184½ N. Front Street

Sarnia, Ont.

Established 34 Years

W. J. SCOTT AGENCY

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

150½ N. Front Street

Phone 663, Res. 106

OWEN M. LOCKHART

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.

188½ N. Front Street

Phone 3815

W. C. NELSON

REAL ESTATE

Royal Bank Bldg.

Phone 1201, 1892-R

H. D. VANHORNE

BARRISTER, ETC.

184½ N. Front Street

Sarnia, Ont.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

AUBREY OLDHAM, C.L.U., District Manager

Masonic Bldg., Sarnia

Phone 180

G. A. NICOL, D.O.Sc., B.O.OPTOMETRIST
EYE SPECIALIST

157½ N. Front Street, Sarnia

Phone 627

INSURANCE

FRANK COWAN and HOMER LOCKHART

203 N. Front Street

Phone 1

C. L. BROWN

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE and LOANS

125 N. Front Street, Sarnia

Phone 101

R. W. GRAY, K.C.

BARRISTER

189½ N. Christina Street

Phone 3378

A. M. LAMPEL

BARRISTER

157 Lochiel Street

Phone 3384

TAIT OPTICAL CO. LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS and OPTICIANS

131 N. Front Street

Phone 2695

L. W. LOBSINGER, V.S., B.V.Sc.

VETERINARY SURGEON

Dog and Cat Hospital and Boarding Kennels
Clipping and Plucking of Dogs

291 Davis Street

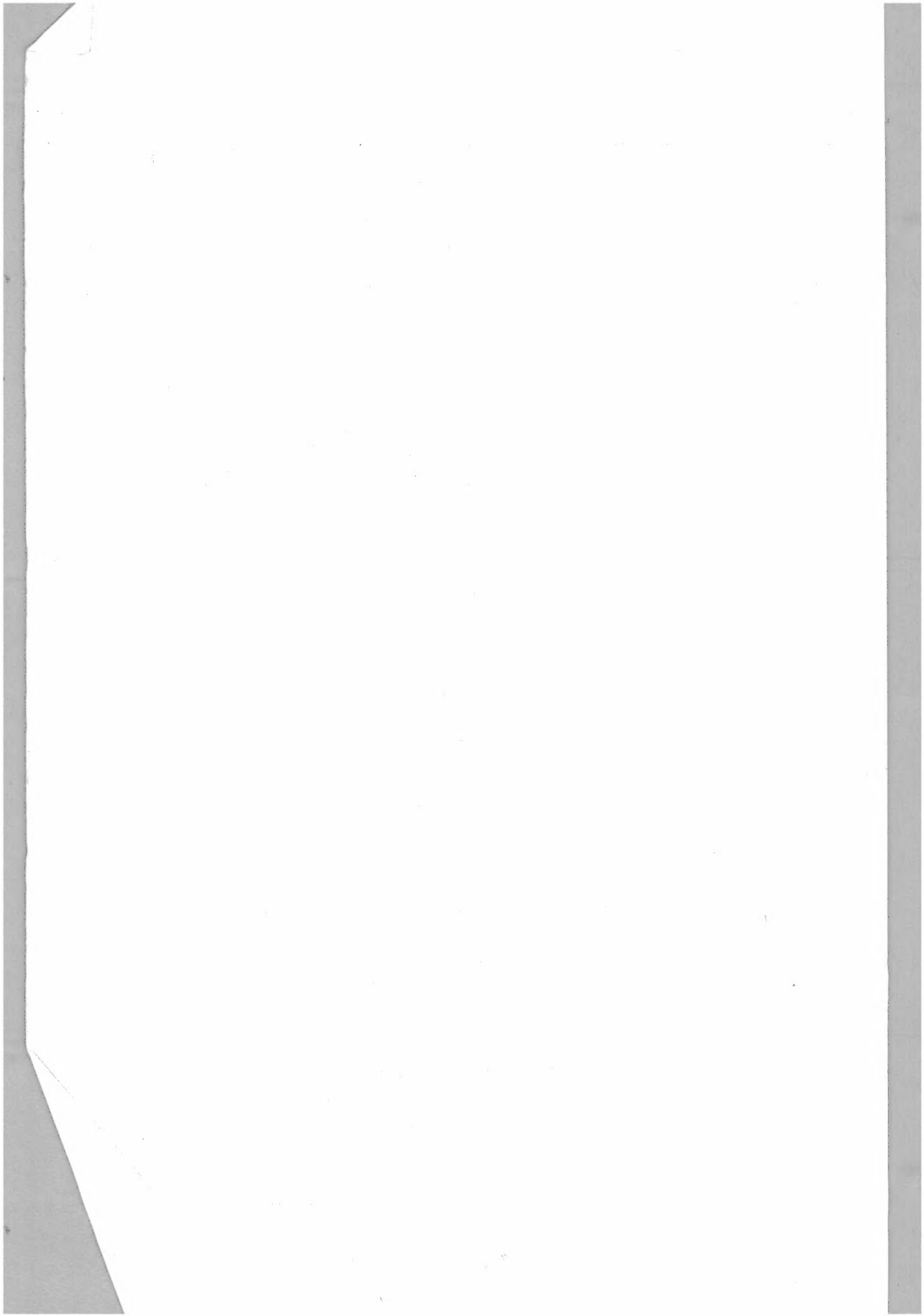
Phone Res. 612

CHIVERS AND PHILLIPS

REAL ESTATE GENERAL INSURANCE
HOSPITALIZATION

Phone 2756

Sarnia, Ont.



A WORD FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER

On behalf of the entire staff of the "Collegiate," I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have placed advertisements in this year's issue.

**WE ASK OUR READERS TO PATRONIZE THESE
ADVERTISERS**

EVERYTHING IN SALT

**THE
DOMINION SALT
COMPANY**

... Makers of ...

THE FAMOUS SIFTO SALT

Sarnia

Ontario

Back. Room
291 & N. Milton St.
Sarnia

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate